SPECIAL ISSUE

THE Nation.

FAMOUS ARE THE FLOWERS

HAWAIIAN RESISTANCE THEN—AND NOW

ELINOR LANGER

APRIL 28, 2008
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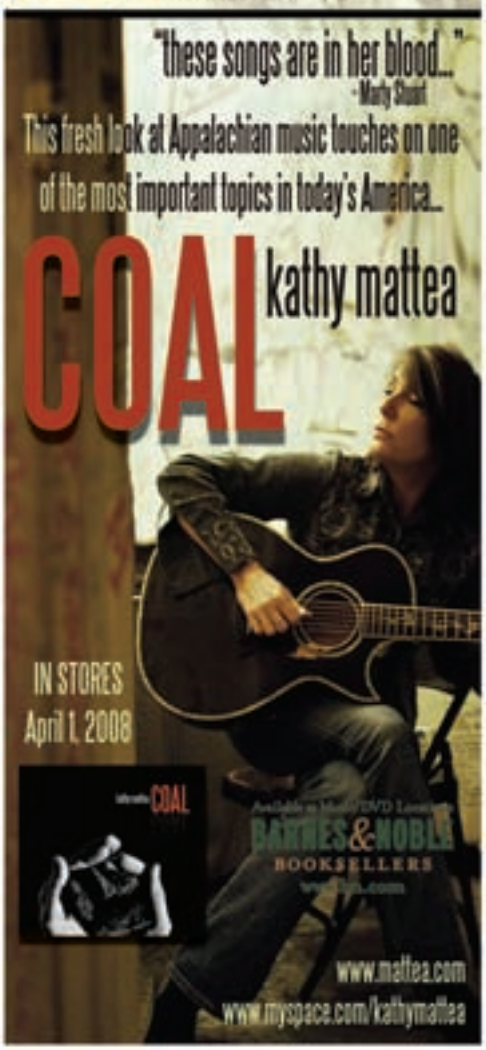

Letters

Another Cost of War

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Your March 31 cover story, "The Costs of War," did an excellent job of calculating the toll the Iraq War has taken on the economy. A new report by Oil Change International examines another cost of war: its impact on the climate and on efforts to combat global warming.

A Climate of War (at priceofoil.org) quantifies the greenhouse gas emissions of the Iraq War and the opportunity costs of fighting a war rather than climate change. Research reveals: projected total US spending on the Iraq War could cover all the global investments in renewable power generation needed between now and 2030 to halt current global warming trends; the war is responsible for at least 141 million metric tons of carbon dioxide emissions since March 2003, as much as would be generated by putting 25 million more cars on the road this year.

Military emissions abroad are not captured in the greenhouse gas inventories that all industrialized nations report under the UN Convention on Climate Change. It's a loophole big enough to drive a tank through. If we weren't so dependent on oil, it's unlikely we'd be warring for control of reserves thousands of miles away. Energy efficiency and renewable technologies will help keep US troops at home.
NIKKI REISCH

JERSEY CITY, N.J.
In "The Wages of Peace" [March 31] Robert Pollin and Heidi Garrett-Peltier address what far too few media do—the devastating yet largely hidden domestic costs of war and a hugely bloated military budget. And it is not just lost jobs or tax revenues; it is the deep political and social side effects of a massive amount of GDP devoted to a war machine.
JOHN GIARRATANA

CARMEL VALLEY, CALIF.
"The Wages of Peace" carefully details the relative value of peace jobs compared with war jobs. When a society invests in infrastructure, education and healthcare, that spending promotes growth, productivity and social good. When a society spends that money on weapons and warfare, that's it—a dead end. A nation that puts military spending ahead of nurturing its future generations, as we are doing, is doomed to swift decline. We are spending away our children's futures. Progressives need to make the American people and the next President understand the *real* costs of war.
ELIZABETH SKINNER

'Class War' for the Classroom

SIERRA MADRE, CALIF.
"Class War," your chart on the costs of the Iraq War to the people of Cleveland, Ohio, is brilliant. I teach history and will use it in my classroom.
JOHN LLOYD

Working-Class Warriors

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
I have waited too long to see an article like Michael Zweig's "The War and the Working Class" [March 31]. As an Army officer, veteran and military spouse, I can attest to every hardship and mistreatment of the working-class soldier. I have been making this argument for years, and the saddest part is that so many of the kids who work for me and put themselves in danger every day don't, or won't, see how it is. It's about time we talked about the effect of this damned war on the working class. We condescend to free Iraqis but enslave our poor and undereducated with impunity.
ILANA KETZER

Jews for Obama

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Thanks to Ari Berman for his perceptive "Smearing Obama" [March 31]. Berman demolishes some of the pernicious myths dogging Barack Obama's campaign aimed particularly at the Jewish community. Fortunately that commu-

letters@thenation.com

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The Nation.
since 1865

Washington at War

Any discussion of the Congressional testimony by Gen. David Petraeus and Ambassador Ryan Crocker must begin with this stipulation: it was an exercise in PR, not policy-making. Whatever the two witnesses had to offer, they were there to represent the President, and the President's position is clear. War yesterday, war today, war forever.

EDITORIAL

The hearings did provide a window into Washington's thinking about the Iraq War and the stunning degree to which our political class is trapped in concentric circles of imperial myopia. In the outer ring sit Democrats (and the occasional Republican), who expressed a searing frustration at finding themselves in a surreal, Groundhog Day–like eternal recurrence: things are better but not better enough, stabilizing but not yet stable, so we must stay. And while they took some shots at the "successful surge" story line, they showed themselves to be prisoners of their own making, unable or unwilling to move outside the terms of the debate set by the Administration.

Why, they asked, won't the people we're occupying do what we want? They aimed some of their most heated rhetoric at Iraqis who refuse to "take responsibility" for the future of their country. Criticism of the Maliki government is legitimate and warranted. But these criticisms slid all too easily from the government to the Iraqis themselves, creating a bizarre and unjust framing of the war's victims as its beneficiaries. "We've done a lot for the Iraqis in terms of just the numbers themselves," said Barbara Boxer. "And we are losing our sons and daughters every single day for the Iraqis to be free."

You would almost think that in 2003 Washington dispatched 160,000 caterers to Iraq to wait on the population hand and foot, with the US taxpayer picking up the check. It couldn't help but call to mind an earlier era: "Take up the White Man's burden—/Send forth the best ye breed—/Go bind your sons to exile/To serve your captives' need." Despite an estimated million civilians killed, 5 million displaced and the country hollowed and destroyed by sanctions and bombs, too many of our Congressional representatives seem to conceive of the war as something we did *for* the Iraqis, not something we did *to* them.

But these Democrats are visionaries compared with their GOP counterparts and the two witnesses, who view occupation as self-justifying. We must stay in Iraq in order to defeat those who do not want us in Iraq. As maddeningly tautological as that is, at least there is room for a measure of unease. The few men—George Bush, Dick Cheney, Joe Lieberman and John McCain—who occupy the tiny, isolated obstinate center of the debate, however, brook no such doubt. With tunnel vision that is absolute, they are content to look ahead to the glory and honor that are forever just a few more dollars, a few more months and a few more lives away.

Here's the problem: after Bush and Cheney have left and even if the American people reject McCain's plan to faithfully continue their policy, our politics will remain trapped. For empire comes with constraints, and it is within this cage of thought that our war "debate" continues to pace and growl. To "change course," as the current vocabulary has it, requires more than a package of strategic adjustments. We must unlock empire's cage and reject the entire project of occupation as something to be properly managed instead of ended as soon as possible.

Setting a timeline for withdrawal (whenever that becomes possible) won't in and of itself achieve this conceptual shift; we must work harder for that. But it seems to offer the only hope for finding our way out of the cage.

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Neocon NATO Delusions

EDITORIAL

At the recently completed NATO summit in Bucharest, the Bush Administration took another step in its seven-year effort to transform the transatlantic alliance into an organization with a more global mission supportive of Washington's broader foreign policy goals. The Administration was able to win approval for an increase in NATO forces in Afghanistan, for its plan to deploy a missile defense system in Central Europe ostensibly aimed at a future Iranian nuclear threat, and for further enlarging NATO membership with the admission of Albania and Croatia and with promises of future membership for Georgia and Ukraine. In Bucharest Bush described his vision for the alliance in terms that should worry everyone familiar with the neoconservative agenda. "NATO," he said, "is no longer a static alliance focused on defending Europe from a Soviet tank invasion. It is now an expeditionary alliance that is sending its forces across the world to help secure a future of freedom and peace for millions."

In fact, the Administration's mission to transform NATO promises to do great damage to international peace and cooperation. If the true purpose of the old NATO was to "keep the Americans in, the Soviets out and the Germans down," as the saying went, the Bush Administration's goal for the alliance is to provide multilateral cover and support for its unilateral crusade while encircling Russia and sidelining the United Nations (a programmatic extension of the Clinton Administration's use of NATO to sideline the UN during the 1999 Kosovo war). This is a prescription for an even colder peace, if not an outright new cold war, with Russia; continued contentious relations with America's oldest allies in Europe, who do not share Washington's global mission; and an even weaker UN at a time when it is needed more urgently than ever.

The main vehicle for transforming NATO into an alliance with a global mission controlled by Washington has been expansion. The Administration pushed for a large NATO expansion in 2001 that incorporated the Baltic states as well as the Central and Eastern European countries not included in the first round of enlargement. It did so in part to dilute (old) European influence within the alliance, since the new members, especially the Baltic and Balkan states, like Poland before them, tend to be more subservient to Washington on military matters.

Expansion has forced the alliance into a looser military and command structure, allowing Washington to pick and choose its allies in any crisis while retaining the appearance of overall NATO support. This strategy did not help win outright support for the invasion of Iraq, but US courtship of Central and Eastern European countries did buy it some semblance of an international coalition and has facilitated its goal of leaning on NATO to support its war in Afghanistan.

The enlargement of NATO has done great damage to the cause of effective international cooperation, including on many of the issues that most affect US security. The main damage has been the increasing alienation of Russia, which has vigorously opposed NATO's push eastward. Russians of all political persuasions have, justifiably, seen NATO expansion as an unnecessary provocation aimed at weakening Moscow's influence with its

neighbors. Moscow has countered this and other Washington moves by suspending the Conventional Forces in Europe agreement, by stepping up the modernization of its nuclear forces and by tightening its grip on the oil and gas supplies of Eurasia.

Washington's championing of NATO membership for Georgia, a former Soviet republic that is openly hostile to Moscow, and of Ukraine, a country that is deeply entwined with Russia economically, demographically and culturally, threatens to further damage relations with Russia (it's also bound to create internal tensions in Ukraine, where a majority of the population opposes NATO membership). This comes at a time when the United States needs Russian cooperation for a wide variety of foreign policy goals, from controlling loose nukes to helping to curb Iran's nuclear program to containing Islamic extremism. Only the objections of Germany, France and a few other European countries prevented NATO from offering Georgia and Ukraine a Membership Action Plan.

The other casualty of the Bush Administration's NATO policy has been UN reform. In many respects Administration neoconservatives see a globalized NATO as an alternative to the UN. The Administration has used NATO to push aside the UN even when the latter body, if given the proper resources, would have had a better chance of succeeding in places like Afghanistan. Indeed, many neoconservative and neoliberal hawks, including presumptive Republican presidential nominee John McCain, see Bush's globalized NATO as the forerunner of a concert of democracies that will replace the UN. In that respect, Bush's globalized NATO is just one more neocon delusion that must be challenged and set aside by an incoming Democratic administration.

Penn Must Go

EDITORIAL

Last year an article by Ari Berman in these pages exhaustively detailed how Burson-Marsteller, the PR giant run by Hillary Clinton's chief campaign strategist, Mark Penn, helped corporations quash union-organizing drives and represented seedy operators like Big Tobacco (see "Hillary Inc.," June 4). Even though that article prompted union leaders and others to protest Clinton's Penn connection, Penn did not shut down Burson's unionbusting division or take a formal leave from the company. This raised questions about how Clinton could support workers yet have as her leading strategist a man whose PR firm not only has a long history of being an unsavory corporate shill but gave most of its 2006 political contributions to Republicans and has close ties to GOP operatives.

Now Penn has stepped down as Clinton's chief strategist in

Noted.

CONTRACT JUSTICE: The **Washington Post** recently won a Pulitzer Prize for its series on private security contractors in Iraq—a story *The Nation*'s **Jeremy Scahill** has been covering for four years. Jeremy's latest report on Blackwater follows:

For the first time since 1968, the Pentagon has charged a civilian contractor under military law, after a March 10 memo from Defense Secretary **Robert Gates** asserted greater military authority to prosecute contractors for crimes committed abroad. **Alaa Mohammad Ali**, a dual Canadian-Iraqi citizen who worked for the US corporation Titan as a military translator, stands accused of stabbing a fellow contractor on February 23.

Yet six months after the Nisour Square shootings, no charges have been brought against the **Blackwater** personnel responsible for the incident, despite a US military investigation that labeled it a "criminal event." While lawyers, military officials and legislators debate the particulars of Ali's case, the gorilla in the room is the stunning lack of accountability of the shadow army of 180,000 contractors in Iraq. Not a single armed contractor has faced charges for actions in Iraq. Instead of holding these forces to the same standard as active-duty soldiers—at least sixty-four US soldiers have been court-martialed on murder-related charges alone—the Bush Administration continues to reward Blackwater for its lethal conduct with new contracts and de facto legal immunity.

Ali, an Iraqi who fled Saddam's regime only to return as a translator in the US occupation, is the token example of the new "crackdown" on contractors, while the American contractors alleged to have gunned down seventeen civilians walk around free men—further proof that the outsourcing of Washington's war has been morally bankrupt from day one.

GUEST STAR NO. 4: In January TheNation.com launched a rotating guest blog, **Passing Through**, featuring monthly stints by some of America's keenest political bloggers. Now up is **J. Goodrich**, an economist and the proprietor of the blog **Echidne of the Snakes**. Her articles on the healthcare crisis and many other pressing social issues have appeared in *The American Prospect* and *Ms.* magazine. Look for her posts on our website through April.

GOING NOWHERE, FAST: According to the most recent samplings of public opinion from five major polling outfits—CBS News/*New York Times*, Pew Research Center, NBC/*Wall Street Journal*, Gallup and Associated Press/Ipsos—an average of 75 percent of the public believes the country is headed in the wrong direction. Pew reports that more than half of middle-class survey respondents have been treading water or falling behind over the last five years, "the most downbeat short-term assessment of personal progress in nearly half a century of polling." A CBS News/*New York Times* poll recently found that 81 percent of Americans believe "things have pretty seriously gotten off on the wrong track"—which pretty much says it all.

the wake of press reports that he has been working with the Colombian government, a $300,000-a-year client of Burson, to push for a free-trade deal with a country that does not protect trade unionists from death squads (at least 700 have been murdered since 2001, eleven in the past month alone). Penn not only tried to help the Colombian government win passage of a bill that Clinton opposes; he sat idly by as Burson and its GOP-friendly subsidiaries represented the likes of notorious mercenary contractor Blackwater and troubled mortgage lender Countrywide Financial.

Penn's demotion is long overdue, yet he continues to poll for Clinton and help plot strategy. He even reassured colleagues at Burson that "I'll continue to play a role advising Senator Clinton and former President Clinton as well as the rest of the leadership of the campaign." The Clinton campaign must affirm its commitment to workers' rights and fair-trade agreements by firing Penn, cleanly. His meeting with the Colombian Ambassador was not just an "error of judgment," as Penn now says. His affiliation with Clinton illustrates the conflict-of-interest nexus of political campaigns, corporate money and DC lobbying, which must be broken. Penn personifies the coziness with Big Business, the poll-obsessed approach to politics and the arrogant spin that have turned many Democrats and progressives away from the Clintons.

Hillary Clinton was fully aware of Penn's potential conflicts of interest when she appointed him as her chief strategist. He never should have been at the center of her campaign—or that of any other Democratic contender. His quasi demotion is too little, too late.

The Torture Memos

The Justice Department is investigating the lawyers whose memos gave the Bush Administration the legal support it needed for waterboarding and other brutal interrogation techniques. We are "examining whether the legal advice in these memoranda was consistent with the professional standards that apply to Department of Justice attorneys," H. Marshall Jarrett, counsel for the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility, wrote to two Democratic senators in February.

The torture memos from 2002 were mainly the work of Jay Bybee, then head of the Office of Legal Counsel (OLC) and now a federal appellate judge in San Francisco, and Bybee's deputy, John Yoo, who has since returned to teaching law at the University of California, Berkeley. This month the Pentagon released a long-rumored torture memo from 2003 written solely by Yoo, which is even more adamant in its embrace of unfettered presidential power.

COMMENT

The memos are an abysmal piece of work, but they had great value to the President. Dismissing the Geneva Conventions and other law, they used the veneer of serious legal scholarship (abundant footnotes, many citations, long dense paragraphs) to create an aura of legitimacy for near-death interrogation tactics and unrestrained executive power. The memos had high credibility because they came from the OLC, the legal brain trust for the executive branch and (until then) the gold standard for legal acumen.

The press tends to overlook the lawyers when scandal breaks, focusing instead on their clients. That's understandable, but in public and commercial life no serious move is possible (no corporate maneuver, no new financial instrument, no war, no severe interrogation tactic) without legal approval. Even if the advice proves wrong, the client, if sued or indicted, can claim reliance on counsel.

When lawyers in private practice mess up, they face serious jeopardy. They can be fired, sued for malpractice, disbarred or prosecuted. Yoo and Bybee face no such risks. The President won't protest. He got what he wanted. And while a state disciplinary body can investigate, that is unlikely without Justice Department help.

The Justice Department recognized the incompetence of the torture memorandums when Bybee's successor, Jack Goldsmith, retracted an August 2002 memo that had construed the Convention Against Torture and the federal statute forbidding torture to permit interrogation tactics just shy of homicide. And that memo was actually an improvement on the OLC's earlier work, which, in advising on "the effect of international treaties and federal laws on the treatment" of detainees from Afghanistan, entirely overlooked the torture convention and statute.

In his book *The Terror Presidency*, Goldsmith, now a Harvard law professor, writes that the torture memos had "no foundation" in any "source of law" and rested on "one-sided legal arguments." They were valuable to the Administration nonetheless, Goldsmith says, because the CIA saw one of them as a "golden shield" against criminal prosecution of agents who had used harsh interrogation techniques.

Well, anyone can make a mistake, right? And don't lawyers disagree all the time? Of course, but that's not the point. The present criticism cites the utter shoddiness of the work. Take another example. Although the OLC memos broadly construed presidential power in foreign affairs, they ignored the Supreme Court's landmark 1952 "steel seizure case," which greatly restricts that power and contradicts the OLC's expansive claims. It would be like advising a client on school desegregation law and ignoring *Brown v. Board of Education*. Yale law dean Harold Hongju Koh called this omission "a stunning failure of lawyerly craft" and "a stain upon our law and our national reputation."

Calvin Trillin, Deadline Poet

Filling Mark Penn's Somewhat Mucky Shoes

The Clintons need another guy
Who'll do what has been done by Penn.
Historically, the answer's clear:
Recall Dick Morris once again.

call me latereject Bush's judges

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How could two really smart guys authorize torture using "one-sided legal arguments" that have "no foundation" in law? How could they be guilty of a "stunning failure of lawyerly craft"? The sad answer seems to be that they knew what the President wanted and delivered: torture is OK if you call it something else. Detainees are outside the protection of due process and civilized law. The President's authority is close to absolute. Anyway, no court can review him. (On this last point, the Supreme Court disagreed.)

This incompetence is especially serious because of the conduct it enabled. If a private lawyer gave such a lopsided and wrongheaded analysis to a business client, he'd be history. Lawyers advising private clients about to make important decisions (a "bet the company" kind of decision) meticulously analyze all sides of a question so the clients can assess risk and choose wisely.

The client deserved better, and that raises another issue, the most troubling. Who was the client? The lawyers told the President what he wanted to hear, but the nation was their client, and its sole interest was in thorough and independent legal analysis. Neither the President's political agenda nor the authors' views of what the law should say can be allowed to slant the OLC's work. So maybe the best and brightest lawyers got it so wrong because they forgot whom they served. Maybe they acted politically, not professionally. If so, we are dealing with a perversion of law and legal duty, a betrayal of the client and professional norms, not mere incompetence, which would be bad enough. Whatever the reason, Jarrett should find that this work is not "consistent with the professional standards that apply to Department of Justice attorneys." Jarrett must hold the lawyers accountable if he means to restore OLC's reputation and vindicate the rule of law. STEPHEN GILLERS

Stephen Gillers teaches legal ethics at New York University School of Law.

Phil Donahue's *War*

During the week that George W. Bush—with an assist from Gen. David Petraeus and Ambassador Ryan Crocker—began demanding another $100 billion or so for his Iraq War, Phil Donahue began presenting the real face of the conflict. The daytime television pioneer, who from the 1960s to the '90s taught America how to discuss uncomfortable topics, was doing it again with a remarkable antiwar documentary, *Body of War*, which went into national distribution just as Petraeus was telling Congress to forget about the ever mounting human and economic toll and give the war more time.

COMMENT

Donahue was not just using his considerable prominence to pitch a project. The man was preaching. "We've all got to stop and say: every day, young men and women are being killed, their bodies are being torn apart in an insane war that started with spin—which is a nice word for 'lies'—and that continues with spin. Why are we just standing here? Why are we allowing this massive blunder to continue?"

The Middle American Everyman, whose *Phil Donahue Show* premiered in 1967 with an appearance by the woman who knocked prayer out of the public schools, atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair, has never shied away from controversy. That penchant prevented him from following Ronald Reagan's lead and entering politics—as suggested by supporters who urged him to seek a Senate seat from his native Ohio or his adopted Connecticut—and got his short-lived cable comeback tossed off MSNBC on the eve of the invasion of Iraq. Donahue's show was pulling better ratings than others on the network, but his questioning of the rush to war scared NBC executives, who circulated a memo expressing fears that this one hour of open-minded programming could become a "home for the liberal antiwar agenda at the same time that our

Comix Nation

by RICK MEYEROWITZ

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HEALTHNEWS

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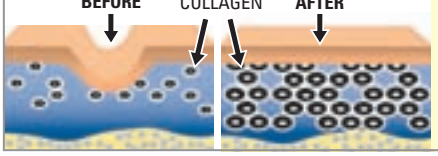

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competitors are waving the flag at every opportunity."

"I thought I was offering the network something—a show with real debates, real ideas that Americans who wanted something more than cheerleading would tune into," says Donahue, who notes that MSNBC has since remade itself as the skeptical cable network, with the questioning led by Keith Olbermann. "I think we've been proven right. Unfortunately, the network wasn't willing to take a chance when it might have made a difference—before the war started." The whole experience turned Donahue, who had always worried about whether TV was serving democracy, into an even more trenchant critic of consolidated and compromised media. But Donahue's faith in the power and possibility of dissent is steady, especially with regard to a war that TV continues to cover with a caution bordering on the propagandistic.

There is nothing cautious about *Body of War*, which Donahue directed with a terrific independent filmmaker he sought out, Ellen Spiro. The talk-show host who broke every television taboo—showing a woman giving birth, discussing AIDS before almost anyone else, treating transvestites with respect and corporations with distrust—is now breaking the taboo that says Americans cannot stomach the reality of this war.

Over the haunting music of Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, who volunteered to aid the project, *Body of War* introduces 25-year-old Tomas Young, a patriotic kid from Kansas City who signed up to fight 9/11 terrorists because his President called him to duty. Young took a bullet in the spine during his first week in Iraq and returned paralyzed from the chest down [for more on Young, see Eugene Richards's moving photo essay in these pages, "War Is Personal," March 27, 2006]. "Heartbreaking" is not a powerful enough word for the story of this veteran Donahue met with his friend Ralph Nader at Walter Reed Army Medical Center.

Confronted with a war he passionately opposed but did not know how to stop, Donahue considered writing a book. But after attending the 2005 National Conference on Media Reform in St. Louis, he decided to do what he's done for decades on television: show America something it would not see elsewhere. With Spiro, Donahue tells "a story of a heartland kid who suddenly went from a social life of singles bars and courtship to a daily routine of catheters, puke pans and erectile dysfunction." The film has won glowing reviews, one hailing it as "almost unbearably moving." Finding a distributor proved so difficult that after almost a year they set up their own distribution plan for what is more than just a soldier's story. *Body of War* is, at heart, a scathing indictment of the politicians who sent Tomas Young to fight and who keep sending others like him into the quagmire—and of complacent media that seem to be losing interest in a war their lax coverage made possible. The inspiration comes from Young, who rolls in his wheelchair at the front of antiwar demonstrations, and from Veterans for America president Bobby Muller, a paralyzed Vietnam vet who tells his young comrade, "If I don't fight the system, I will die."

That's a fitting credo for Donahue. The man who mastered the system now fights it. He is a fiercer critic than ever of those who hold microphones but do not use them to "fight the system." "They say there is 'Iraq fatigue,' that we can't keep going over what's wrong with this war. That's what the suits like to think. It's convenient. A sanitized war doesn't stir things up," says the 72-year-old champion of the free press. "But war is real, especially for veterans like Tomas. And if the American people see that reality, I believe they will force the politicians to end it."

JOHN NICHOLS

The Nation and Hawai'i

In this special issue of *The Nation* we present editorial board member Elinor Langer's essay "Famous Are the Flowers: Hawaiian Resistance Then—And Now," a probing exploration of the annexation of Hawai'i by the United States and of the issues of sovereignty and indigenous rights that persist in the wake of that seizure—accomplished not by treaty but by threat of force and unilateral act of Congress. At the time, this magazine published editorials opposing the 1893 overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani and the 1898 annexation of the islands (see the boxes on pages 18 and 19)—part of a larger anti-imperialist agenda, formed in response to the doctrine of Manifest Destiny, that would continue to guide our thinking on matters of foreign policy over the years.

Any consideration of Hawaiian sovereignty, however, goes beyond the confines of the archive and political positions past. For one thing, as Langer chronicles, the more Hawaiian independence recedes in time, the more vibrant it has become in present-day Hawaiian culture and society; its spirit is kept alive by song, ritual, language reclamation, storytelling and protest. An active sovereignty movement, spurred by the thorny questions raised by the 1993 Apology Resolution (see the box on page 17) and the pending Akaka bill, flourishes in Hawai'i today. The range of opinions expressed within it is matched by the number of issues it takes on, from militarism and the environment to education and healthcare. Although we cannot capture the fullness of this movement, on page 29 we offer an open letter to the US left from a group of Hawaiian activists.

The questions raised by this special issue, although centered on Hawai'i, have implications beyond its shores. In the year of Hawaiian annexation, US Marines landed in Guantánamo Bay, seizing control of Cuba under the pretense of rescuing its people from Spanish colonialism. The years that followed saw the conquest of the Philippines and the transformation of Guam and Puerto Rico into US territorial possessions. Across these and other Pacific and Caribbean islands, the United States has built an imperial archipelago—extracting raw materials, basing troops and ships, staging missile tests and lately, in Guantánamo, jailing and torturing prisoners in the global "war on terror"—a prerogative it claims in part by citing the Insular cases of the early twentieth century, which held that where the flag goes, the Constitution does not necessarily follow. In short, the imperial past has formed the legal scaffolding and geographic backdrop of the imperial present. But as in Hawai'i, resistance to imperialism is hardy. In 2003, shamed by local and visiting protesters, the Navy withdrew from Vieques, Puerto Rico. Hawaiian activists continue to fight the expansion of the Army's Stryker Brigades. The *isolatoes* of the world are, in fact, not alone, for famous indeed are the flowers.

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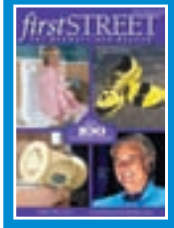

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Alexander Cockburn

C'est Terrible

When in trouble, reach for nuclear submarines. President Nicolas Sarkozy, derided by the French as a lightweight, rushed off at the end of March to launch Le Terrible, the fourth in France's fourth generation of such submarines. Thus he seizes the torch of "massive retaliation" from his predecessor, Jacques Chirac, who said that a state-terrorist onslaught on France or even the EU might require a nuclear missile lobbed into the perp's presumptive backyard, wherever that might be. Le Terrible is itself powered by a nuclear reactor, and the range of its sixteen missiles, each armed with three warheads, is just under 5,000 miles, so M'sieu Ahmadinejad had better watch his tongue, otherwise it might be Tehran frappe.

Le Terrible's deployment brings France's full menu of warheads to 348, of which 288 are on submarines and fifty on air-launched cruise missiles. There are ten old-fashioned bombs.

On his way out of office, at the end of 2006, Tony Blair took the same line as Sarkozy. A Britain without up-to-date nuclear-armed subs, he proclaimed, would be the sport of every bully on the block. "Our independent nuclear deterrent is the ultimate insurance," Blair told Parliament. He cited Iran and North Korea as prime present dangers. Mind you, Britain's current nuclear guardians—the Vanguard subs—are scheduled to go out of service in 2022. It will apparently take seventeen years to design and build the new subs. Double this to allow for screw-ups (more on screw-ups below) and we won't be seeing Britain's last, best line of defense deployed until about 2050. By then global freezing will have rendered subs moot anyway.

Now, a familiar pattern is for retired statesmen and high functionaries to retire and then spend their sunset years denouncing nuclear weapons and "the balance of terror." Not Jimmy Carter, I'm glad to say. You'd think that after years talking up peace and the benefits of peaceful negotiation, Carter would reel in shock if someone said, "I want our next nuclear sub to bear your name." But he didn't. Bill Clinton tied down the Connecticut vote by OK-ing another Seawolf nuclear sub to be built at Groton and called the Jimmy Carter. As in, "Today Tehran is a smoldering, irradiated ruin after receiving a salvo of nuclear missiles from the Jimmy Carter." It was probably Clinton's idea of a joke after Carter had said that he really loved Al Gore's loyal and loving relationship with Tipper, so similar to his with Rosalynn.

But Carter was thrilled. Larry King, who interviewed him at the time of the Democratic convention in Los Angeles in 2000, was clearly baffled at the contradiction:

King: The USS Jimmy Carter is being constructed. It will be the newest submarine in the fleet.

Carter: And the fastest and quietest ship in the world.

King: Now that has got to be—

Carter: I'm very flattered.

King: I know, Mr. Former President, there's a lot of things to be proud of, but that's got to be kooky.

Carter: Kooky?

King: I mean, kind of like kooky. You're going to go and slam the champagne against it. It's your sub.

Carter: My wife will christen the submarine.

King: Permission to board the Carter, right? They're going to say that.

Carter: Absolutely. You'll be welcome, by the way.

Sums it all up, doesn't it? Here we have an absolute disconnect between the rational human who has criticized Israel for its apartheid policies and the lunatic reveling in having his name painted on a machine that could kill hundreds of thousands of people with a single detonation. In the old days I would have ended with a pious paragraph or two about the pressing need to end the arms race. Not anymore. We'll never stuff that genie back in the bottle. Every country should have a couple of nuclear missiles and, if they really want one, a nuclear sub.

"Screw-ups," I wrote above. Why so negative, Mr. Cockburn? I speak as a maiden voyager on March 27 through Britain's latest tour de force in technological incompetence: T5. This is the new British Airways terminal at Heathrow, which cost about $8.6 billion to build across nearly twenty years. Before launch day British TV channels blared its marvels. Chief among these was a system of steel entrails, governed by state-of-the-art software to whirl your bag from check-in to aircraft hold and to take your bag off again in case you'd packed it with Semtex and headed back on foot to the Hindu Kush.

On the surface, all seemed well at 11 AM. I handed in my bags. I refreshed myself with sauvignon blanc at $15 a glass in the restaurant. Meanwhile—so it turns out—my bags shot forward on the conveyor belt at irresistible speed until they met the immovable force of 10,000 bags already jammed in the middle of the entrails. All systems had failed. BA had forgotten to provide parking for the baggage handlers. The software for the entrail didn't work either.

If you can't design an entrail to put a bag on a plane, can you design a nuclear sub to launch untested armed systems to speed a nuclear missile on its way to Tehran or the Hindu Kush or Pyongyang and be sure it won't swerve off course and hit Tel Aviv, capital city of our "stalwart ally," as Barack Obama calls it even when he's sound asleep?

Richard Rogers, designer of T5, is also the architect retained to do the redesign of the Javits Convention Center in New York. He was recently pressed by defenders of the reputation of our stalwart ally to explain his connection to a group called Architects and Planners for Justice in Palestine, which had criticized Israel's wall. Rogers distanced himself from APJP at a speed approaching that of light and said he thought the wall is a fine idea. Maybe the T5 disaster was retribution for this cowardice. ■

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A natural teacher with a Ph.D. in astrophysics from Columbia University, Dr. Neil deGrasse Tyson has written prolifically for the public, including the series of essays in *Natural History* magazine on which this course is based. And though it was created for a lay audience and is readily accessible, the course is one in which science always takes precedence over drama.

It is certainly entertaining, often funny, even awe-inspiring at times, as befits the subject matter. But clear introductions to essential principles of physics abound throughout these lectures, including density, quantum theory, gravity, and even the General Theory of Relativity. And Dr. Tyson also includes forays into disciplines such as chemistry and biology as needed to explain events.

For example, Dr. Tyson begins one lecture at a point 13 billion years ago, when all space, matter, and energy in the known universe was contained in a volume less than one-trillionth the size of a pinpoint—about the size of an atom. By the time he finishes, the cosmos has been stretched, the planets and Earth formed, and 70 percent of Earth species wiped out by a gigantic asteroid—clearing the way for the evolution of humanity.

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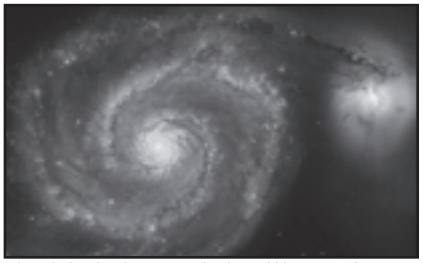

NASA, ESA, S. Beckwith (STScI), and The Hubble Heritage Team (STScI/AURA).

The Whirlpool Galaxy, as seen by the Hubble Space Telescope, is about 25 million light-years away from us.

As Dr. Tyson notes, we are made of stardust, just as the planets are. And he has created a course that explains exactly how that came to be, beginning with a grounding in the basic "machinery" of matter, forces, and energy which reveals itself throughout the universe.

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Katha Pollitt

Sweatin' to the Koran?

I was all geared up to write a column fulminating against Harvard for setting up women-only hours in one of its gyms because apparently some Muslim women students felt more comfortable exercising away from the eyes of men. Kowtowing to religion! Validating Islam's obsession with female—and only female—modesty! Denial of equal gym time to men! When I was an undergraduate, Harvard kept women out of all sorts of good stuff, like convenient places to eat on campus. Until a year before I got there, women were banned from centrally located Lamont Library, supposedly to discourage canoodling in the stacks. All the gyms on campus were single-sex back then, not that I knew where they were. In short, I'm very conscious of the ways single-sex arrangements have historically given men the lion's share of whatever is being divvied up.

Unfortunately for my life as a casuist, I made the mistake of asking my ever-sensible daughter and her friend Lindsey, both college juniors, what they thought. They thought women-only gym time was fine. "It's only six hours a week, Mom," said Sophie. "And the gym is the least used one on campus." What about the principle? "I think it's hard to be a Muslim girl in a co-ed school," Sophie answered. "If this makes it easier, they should have it." "Well, I don't know that it's especially hard for them," Lindsey put in—here followed a lengthy discussion of the social lives of Muslim and Orthodox Jewish girls. But say you were a male student, I asked, and you showed up to work out at girls-only time? "Well, I would just come back later," said Sophie, or go to another gym. Honestly, Mom, what's the big deal?" So it doesn't bother you that Harvard is making a special arrangement because of religion? "Well, it isn't really doing that," Lindsey said, "because any woman student can use the women-only hours, and Muslim women don't have to use them if they don't want to."

Right. Why hadn't I thought of that? The Harvard gym controversy looks like it's about religion, but really it's about whether women (or men) should have a little bit of separate space in a co-ed university.

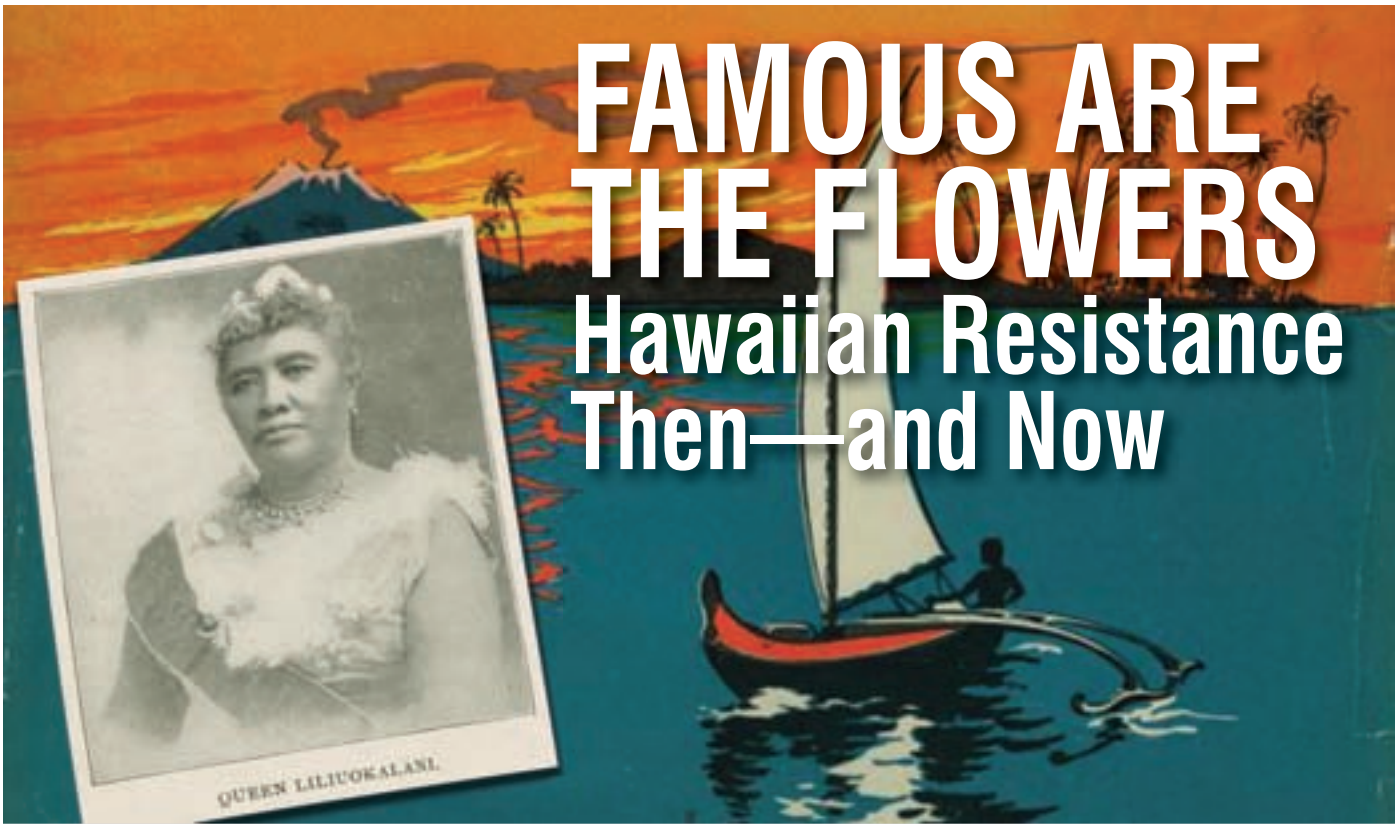
But that's not so exciting. Few would be writing about this handful of single-sex gym hours if the request had come from, say, overweight women or shy women or the club of virgins recently written about in *The New York Times Magazine*. Some co-ed campuses have single-sex dorms—Cornell has one for women—to say nothing of sororities, fraternities and single-sex societies like Harvard's ghastly final clubs. None of this has aroused a lot of interest from the national opinion industry. Maybe the women writers are too busy exercising at Curves, the ubiquitous women-only chain, while the men writers are off at their Elks lodge.

But this situation is different: it involves *Islam* (violent, oppressive, sexist) and *Harvard* (multicultural twits). When I put "Harvard Muslim girls gym" into Google I got 151,000 hits, including articles from as far away as Japan, and bloodcurdling references to Sharia and honor killings, horrified descriptions of women using treadmills in veils and chadors ("a black, woolen blob, an anachronism of the first degree"), calls for lawsuits and physical invasions of Muslim-girl gym time. Martin Luther King was invoked, as were Title IX, feminism, slippery slopes, appeasement, Nazis and did I mention Sharia?

Well, I shouldn't be so superior, because some of those thoughts went through my mind, too. That is what living in our time does to you: intelligent people go in a flash from "Art history major wants to work out in peace" to "What about those gays they executed in Iran?" One minute Martin Amis is turning out a stream of smart, ambitious novels; the next he's writing about Muslims taking over because Europeans don't have enough babies. I get e-mails every day from people who have been driven round the bend by fear and contempt and self-righteousness. To them, a housewife in a head scarf might as well be a suicide bomber; a taxi driver listening to an Arabic station is probably getting tips on how to murder his sister. It's as if all their lives they've been waiting for a socially acceptable hate-object to come along so they could enjoy the psychological satisfactions of racism without technically being racist.

Yes, terrible crimes against women, gays and secularists are committed in the name of Islam; yes, many Muslim countries have poor human rights records; yes, Muslim fundamentalists say, and sometimes do, horrible things. I've never favored the kind of multiculturalism that looks impassively on the abuse of women because "it's their culture." I was appalled by Archbishop of Canterbury Rowan Williams's proposal for separate Sharia courts for British Muslims and by Noah Feldman's support for that idea in *The New York Times Magazine*: that seems like a recipe for denying Muslim women equal treatment in divorce and other family matters. But what does any of this have to do with Muslim women at Harvard? They weren't taken out of school at puberty to cook and clean, like the home-schooled Pakistani girls in California featured in a recent news story; they aren't being shipped off to the old country to marry their cousins; I doubt very much if their college plan is to have ten children and bring the caliphate to Martin Amis's neighborhood. You might as well say that Harvard's Catholic students have all been molested by priests and will go on to abuse children too. Except nobody does say that.

I'm not totally sold on single-sex gyms. To be fair, there should be equal single-sex time for men as well. Maybe that's a good idea—not only women are shy about their bodies—although it might mean, in practice, that men get the better hours and facilities, because separate usually doesn't mean equal. But let's get a grip. Osama bin Laden and burqas and fascism have nothing to do with six hours a week of man-free exercise time for any female student, regardless of race, creed or national origin. ■



FAMOUS ARE THE FLOWERS

Hawaiian Resistance Then—and Now

by ELINOR LANGER

I

What seems like many years ago, on a family trip to Māui, I suddenly realized that Hawai'i was not what it seemed to be. We were driving through Lāhainā toward a near-in coastal reef when it came to me that what I saw was not fitting together. *Makai*—as the Hawaiians say, toward the sea—was a crowded tourist town filled with restaurants, trinket shops and alluring kiosks where tour guides offering commercial adventures of every description plied their wares. *Mauka*—toward the mountains—was a crumbling sugar mill about which the question that sprang to mind was not so much what had happened there in earlier times but how on earth it was standing now. Up the hill, I knew, was the building known as Hale Pa'i, which had housed the first missionary press, and at the very top, Lāhainā luna, the original missionary school from which the first generation of seminary-trained Hawaiians had gone out to spread the language and the Word. On my lap as we drove was a guidebook to Māui I had been reading the night before and was leafing through again that said, in spirit if not in so many words, In 1893, a group of sugar planters and other businessmen, some of whom were descendants of the missionaries, overthrew the Queen and they all lived happily ever after. At which point a voice in my head involuntarily said, "No way!"

At the time this was no more than the passing thought of a leftish tourist who had no wish to subtract yet another beautiful spot from the list of places it was possible to go in the world without discomfort, but the thought stuck. At home, I bought Queen Lili'uokalani's autobiography, *Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen*, which—surprise—did not agree with the author of the guidebook, and a few other volumes, but I soon put them aside. I was writing about another subject, and I did not have the time. Over a decade later, when I returned to those books, I found them astonishing, for the history they told of the destruction of the independent Kingdom of Hawai'i largely by American businessmen in Honolulu with the support of American troops, and its annexation five years later not by treaty but by mere Congressional resolution, was a history I had never been taught. Nor had I been taught the history of the years before, when between the coming of Captain Cook in 1778 and the coming of the missionaries in 1820 the native population declined from perhaps 800,000 to about 135,000 from foreign diseases, nor the decline that continued inexorably year after year so that by the time of annexation in 1898 it was under 40,000,* with many observers predicting, and indeed treating it as a convenience, that there would soon be none.

Yet what might be the point of this belated historical excursion was an open question. For one thing, it was over. That was then. However things might have been in the days when, as a 1941 picture book put it, "Hawaiians owned and operated Hawaii," Hawai'i now was a state, officially owned and operated by the USA, in particular by the US military, which

* The population of Hawai'i at the time of contact, and thus the true number of native deaths, is the subject of major controversy, as are many matters discussed in this essay. In general the reader should take statements made here as my own conclusions, based on a number of sources, rather than as resting on a single—disputed—authority. For population, I am following Lilikala Kame'eleihiwā's *Native Land and Foreign Desires* in using the pre-contact figure of 800,000 from David Stannard's "Before the Horror: The Population of Hawaii on the Eve of Western Contact" in *Islands in Captivity* [See Resources on p. 28], and 135,000 for the early 1820s from Robert Schmitt, *Demographic Statistics of Hawaii, 1778–1965*, the numbers I personally found convincing.

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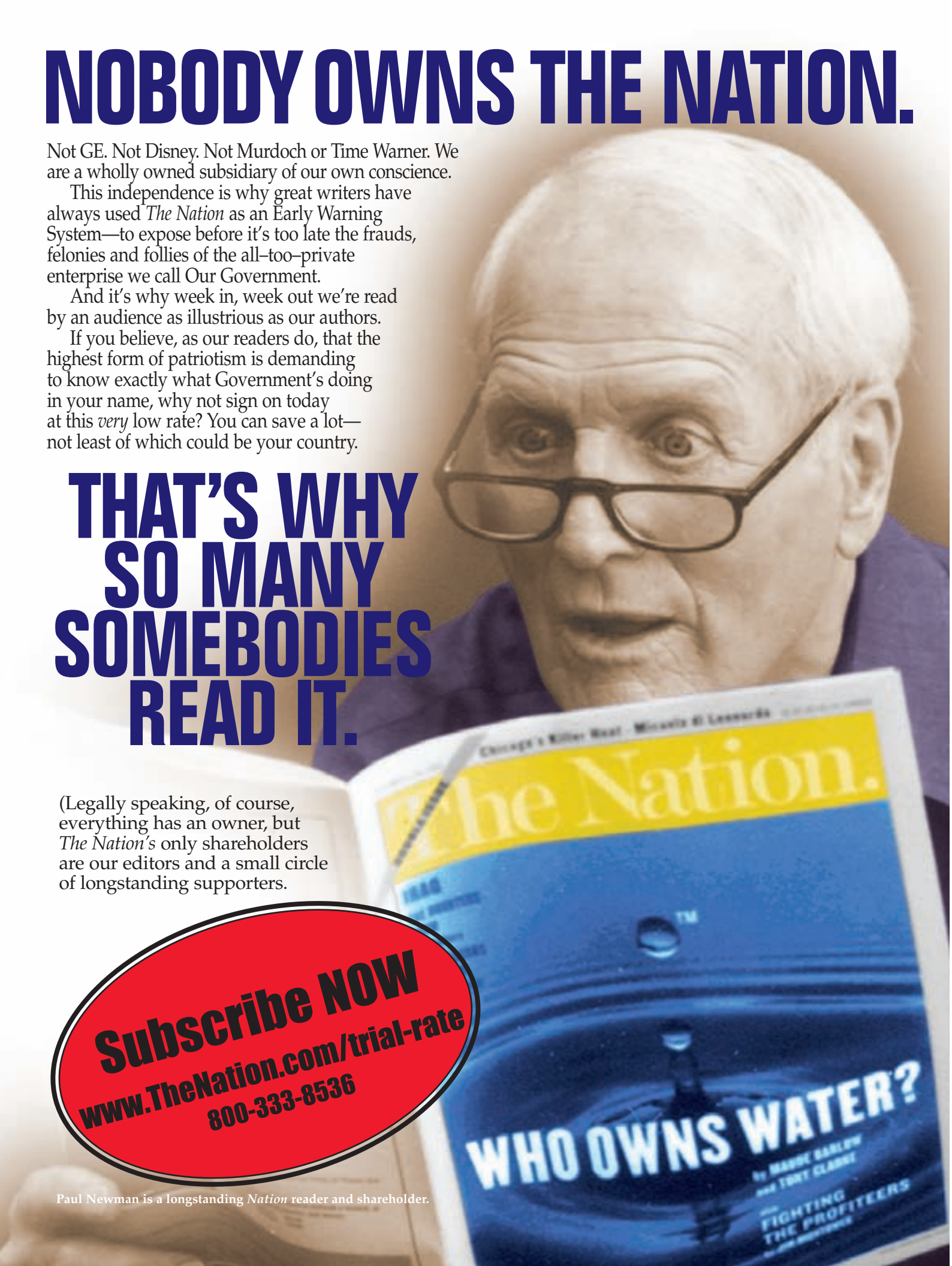

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controlled 22.4 percent of the island of O'ahu and 5.7 percent of the land of the islands as a whole. About 7 million tourists a year visited the place, the majority Americans, enjoying not just the sun and sea but that ideal ratio of the exotic and the familiar not possible elsewhere around the globe, where America owned only a partial share. As for that bane of American history—race—with its mixture of people in some cases dating back to before the islands were on any map, the Hawai'i fondue was the richest blend in the world. Walking the streets of Honolulu or elsewhere you would need a racial Geiger counter to figure out who was what. The political implications, too, seemed almost stale. With so many more recent examples to choose from, who needs to cluck over nineteenth-century Hawai'i, merely the first of many places beyond our shorelines where an independent people in the way of American imperialism met their fate?

The more I immersed myself in the story of Hawai'i, however, the more I saw that what was so compelling about it was not that these issues were settled but that they were not. In January 1993, on the centennial of the overthrow, the state sponsored an immense day-by-day re-enactment of its events so authentic that when the actress playing the Queen returned to the 'Iolani Palace from a meeting with her cabinet ministers across the street to tell the people that her efforts to restore certain rights to the native population via a new Constitution would have to be postponed, many in the audience instinctively held their hats to their chests. Two days later, when a well-known nationalist of the present delivered the cry of a well-known royalist of the past—"We must stand together…. We love our Kingdom! We love our Queen! We love the land that gave us birth!"—the audience cheered and wept. That summer an international tribunal convened by sovereignty activists with judges from several countries took testimony throughout the islands, documenting many aspects of the US-Hawai'i relationship as violations of international law. Five years later, on the anniversary of formal annexation, when newly found petitions against it signed by

EXCERPTS FROM THE 'APOLOGY RESOLUTION'

Whereas, prior to the arrival of the first Europeans in 1778, the Native Hawaiian people lived in a highly organized, self-sufficient, subsistent social system based on communal land tenure with a sophisticated language, culture, and religion;…

Whereas, from 1826 until 1893, the United States recognized the independence of the Kingdom of Hawaii, extended full and complete diplomatic recognition to the Hawaiian Government, and entered into treaties and conventions with the Hawaiian monarchs to govern commerce and navigation…;

Whereas, on January 14, 1893, John L. Stevens…the United States Minister [in] Hawaii conspired with a small group of non-Hawaiian residents of the Kingdom of Hawaii, including citizens of the United States, to overthrow the indigenous and lawful Government of Hawaii;…

Whereas, [on January 17, 1893] when informed of the risk of bloodshed with resistance, Queen Liliuokalani issued [a] statement yielding her authority to the United States Government rather than to the Provisional Government…;

Whereas, without the active support and intervention by the United States diplomatic and military representatives, the insurrection against the Government of Queen Liliuokalani would have failed for lack of popular support and insufficient arms;…

Whereas, although the Provisional Government was able to obscure the role of the United States in the illegal overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy, it was unable to rally the support from two-thirds of the Senate needed to ratify a treaty of annexation;

Whereas, on July 4, 1894, the Provisional Government declared itself to be the Republic of Hawaii;…

Whereas, [through a Congressional resolution], the self-declared Republic of Hawaii ceded sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands to the United States;

Whereas, the Republic of Hawaii also ceded 1,800,000 acres of crown, government and public lands of the Kingdom of Hawaii, without the consent of or compensation to the Native Hawaiian people of Hawaii or their sovereign government;…

Whereas, the indigenous Hawaiian people never directly relinquished their claims to their inherent sovereignty as a people or over their national lands to the United States, either through their monarchy or through a plebiscite or referendum;…

Whereas, the health and well-being of the Native Hawaiian people is intrinsically tied to their deep feelings and attachment to the land;

Whereas, the long-range economic and social changes in Hawaii over the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have been devastating to the population and to the health and well-being of the Hawaiian people;…

Now, therefore, be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled…

The Congress…on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the illegal overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawaii on January 17, 1893, acknowledges the historical significance of this event which resulted in the suppression of the inherent sovereignty of the Native Hawaiian people;…

apologizes to Native Hawaiians on behalf of the people of the United States for the overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawaii on January 17, 1893, with the participation of agents and citizens of the United States, and the deprivation of the rights of Native Hawaiians to self-determination;…

urges the President of the United States to also acknowledge the ramifications of the overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawaii and to support reconciliation efforts between the United States and the Native Hawaiian people;…

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about 38,000 of the 40,000 Native Hawaiians alive in 1898 were displayed in a tent outside the Bishop Museum and people found the signatures of their grandparents, whose stands against the American colossus had been in the category of dangerous family secrets, they wept again. This awareness of history has only deepened with time. Start a conversation with almost anyone on a park bench or bus, and you are likely to find not only a genealogist but a historian, eager to tell you of his or her personal experiences and also the tales passed on by the uncle of an uncle of an uncle of an uncle from the time of Kamehameha the Great who knew just where the king had injured his ankle when he was a boy. What is true of random Hawaiians is also true of random haoles, many of whom have shared in the reconsideration of history and have taken the causes of their Native Hawaiian neighbors to heart.

So much feeling in the streets was bound to have reverberations in Washington. With Hawai'i an inextricable part of the US economy and the islands the headquarters of the military's vital Pacific Command, whose jurisdiction covers more than half the surface of the earth, it would not do to have restless natives. On November 23, 1993—a few months after telling an eager throng on Waīkikī Beach, "You will not be forgotten"—President Clinton signed Public Law 103-150, known as the Apology Resolution, to "acknowledge" the 100th anniversary of the January 17, 1893, overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawai'i and to offer an apology to Native Hawaiians on behalf of the United States. A poignant thirty-seven-clause review of the history of the islands, the Apology Resolution may be one of the most empathetic documents ever to emanate from Washington [see box, page 17]. Its implications were barely noticed until later. Intended by the senators from Hawai'i who sponsored it simply to register the injustices of the past without pointing to any remedies in the future, the resolution implicitly raised a follow-up question: what do you do after you say you're sorry? In the words of one of the handful of other senators who took it seriously enough to say anything at all, "the logical consequences of this resolution would be independence."

THE NATION ON THE OVERTHROW

The history of this Hawaiian affair offers a good illustration of the danger to us of colonies and dependencies under our present form of government and with our present class of public men. Rome fell under the weight of her provinces, with a constitution ten times better fitted than ours for the management of distant conquests, for the Senate was filled with the ablest and most experienced men of the empire. But the Senate was gradually broken down by the intrigues and bribes of the generals and proconsuls. We, at the very outset of our career of annexation, in the very first case of it, start an intrigue in our own State Department for the overthrow of a friendly power, allow our minister on the spot to land troops to assist in what was really his personal conquest, annex the Islands without hearing the ruler in her own defence, and denounce everybody who objects to these proceedings as an enemy of the United States. If these things are done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? Suppose we had half-a-dozen islands like Hawaii, and half-a-dozen States like Cuba, San Domingo, Costa Rica, and Guatemala to administer, with our Senators intriguing for proconsulships and the members of the House casting anchors to windward and seeking out channels of usefulness: how long would the government of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln last?

—*The Nation*, November 23, 1893

II

On March 29, 1893, two months after the overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani and only a few weeks after the second inauguration of Democratic President Grover Cleveland, whose first term had been followed by the presidency of Benjamin Harrison, a Republican, there arrived in Honolulu a courtly, silver-haired gentleman named James Blount, sent by the new President to find out what had really happened in the islands. The political circumstances of Blount's mission were these. Two days after the overthrow, representatives of the self-appointed Provisional Government—essentially the leaders of a longstanding movement for annexation in a new guise—had set off for Washington carrying with them a well-developed petition for annexation to the United States, which they had every reason to believe would be warmly welcomed, but not carrying the representatives of the Kingdom, who were forced to wait for the next crossing, several weeks later, to present their case. Annexation was a cherished ambition of many prominent Republicans, in particular Benjamin Harrison's expansionist Secretary of State, James Blaine, a long-term associate of the American minister to Hawai'i, John Stevens. The American minister, it would turn out, had not only, on his own initiative, recognized the Provisional Government even before it was in full possession of the buildings traditionally considered to warrant such recognition, but had conspired with its leading members beforehand to encourage their revolutionary plans. Barely a month after the first outlines of the American-led revolt had stirred Honolulu and with only seventeen days of the Republican Administration left to go, on February 15 a treaty of annexation was whisked before the US Senate for ratification. Democrat Cleveland was appalled. If the United States was to depart "from unbroken American tradition in providing for the addition to our territory of islands of the sea more than two thousand miles removed from our nearest coast [the] transaction should be clear and free from suspicion," the President told Congress later. Five days after taking the oath of office, on March 9, 1893, Cleveland withdrew the treaty from the Senate for "re-examination." Two days later, he summoned Blount.

The Blount Report would be a remarkable government

Elinor Langer, a member of the Nation *editorial board, is the author of* Josephine Herbst *and* A Hundred Little Hitlers: The Death of a Black Man, the Trial of a White Racist and the Rise of the Neo-Nazi Movement in the United States. *She would like to thank the many people in the islands who have contributed so generously to her Hawaiian education and those at this magazine who have helped bring this special issue to fruition. Research assistance provided by the Investigative Fund of The Nation Institute.* *Copyright © 2008 by Elinor Langer.*

document in any era. A 1,400-page model of open diplomacy, it contains what appears to be the entire diplomatic correspondence between the Hawaiian Kingdom and the United States from the 1820s on, including communications between the State Department and its ministers in Honolulu of a sort that would never be published today, transcripts of Blount's interviews with the principals, analyses of the Kingdom's successive Constitutions, learned articles of the period on important aspects of Hawaiian life from health to population, newspaper reports, public speeches, budgets, sugar export statistics, stockholder data for the leading corporations—in short, everything an independent observer would need to arrive at an opinion about what had taken place and why. It is a primary source for understanding the events of the Hawaiian revolution even today. Its moral heft is no less impressive than its physical heft. "Colonel" Blount was nobody's pawn. A former Confederate officer, he had endured the Yankee occupation of his hometown of Macon, Georgia, after the Civil War and the lesser indignities that came from representing it in Congress for twenty years after Georgia was readmitted to the Union, rising to become the chair of the House Foreign Relations Committee before he retired. Thinking that Blount was a friend, but not taking chances, the leaders of the Provisional Government and Minister Stevens were unpleasantly surprised when they rowed out to greet his vessel with the news that they had already rented him, as he would report, a "house, well furnished [with servants and a carriage and horses]…[for which] I could pay…just what I chose, from nothing up," and he declined. He also declined the Queen's offer of a mere carriage ride into the city. Sensing at once that "with the minds of Hawaiian citizens…full of uncertainty as to what the presence of American troops, the American flag, and the American protectorate implied" no one would speak with him freely, he had the flag hauled down and the troops returned to their ships, not dissuaded even by an urgent visit from Stevens and one of the annexationists who informed him with "intense gravity… that he knew beyond doubt…that if the flag and troops were removed" troops from a Japanese ship in the harbor would rush in to restore the Queen. "I was not impressed much with these statements," Blount noted wryly in his opening paragraphs. Details dispensed with, he set to work.

The heart of the Blount Report is a lucid and often droll thirty-nine-page, first-person narrative addressed to Cleveland's Secretary of State, W.Q. Gresham, describing some of his encounters and his conclusions. Whether it was his character, his experience or simply his chosen position

THE NATION ON ANNEXATION

Genghis Khan's position was, in fact, far more defensible than ours [Americans], as an expander. He was in favor of expansion because, as he openly avowed, he liked the fun of expanding. He enjoyed killing people who resisted annexation and piling their heads up in pyramidal form. He indulged in no hypocritical pretences about their wanting to be annexed, or about the good annexation would do them. —*The Nation*, January 27, 1898

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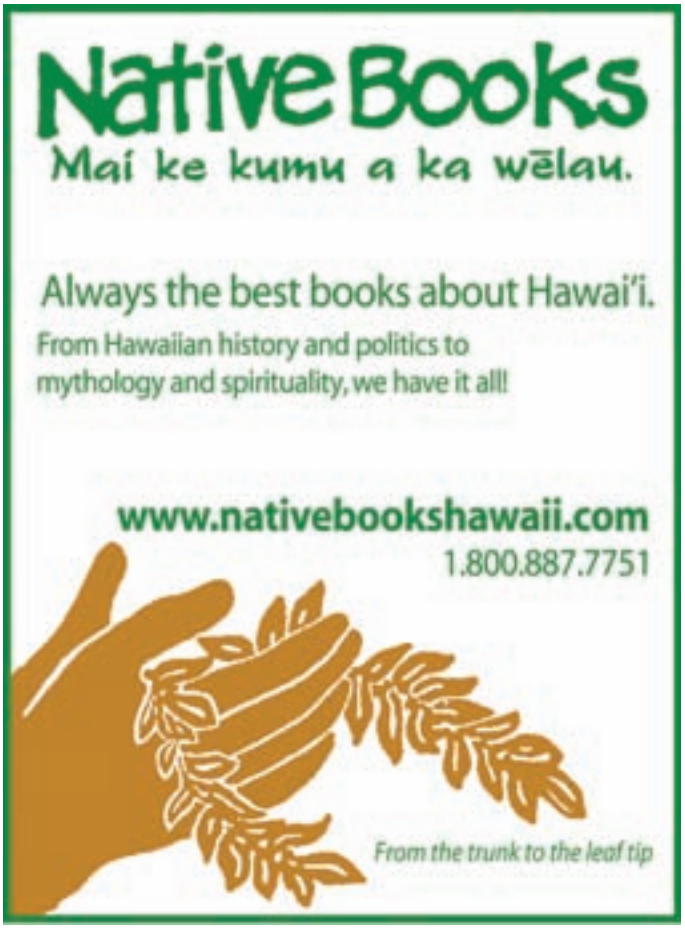
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outside the literally interrelated circles of power in Honolulu, this well-seasoned Southerner seems to have been as immune to rhetoric as he was to manipulation, particularly rhetoric draping racial and economic issues in the plumage of democracy. What Blount told Washington, in brief, was (1) the pretense of the new leaders that it was the Queen's moving to change the Constitution (the alleged "cause" of the coup) rather than their dethroning her that was illegal overlooked the racial truth that the Constitution she was trying to change was the one forced on her predecessor six years before for the very purpose of shifting power from the native monarchy to the white elite; (2) "the controlling element in the white population is connected with the sugar industry.... Annexation has for its charm the complete abolition of all duties on... exports to the United States"; (3) American diplomatic and military resources were strongly implicated in the coup; and (4) the natives didn't want it. "The testimony [even] of leading annexationists is that if the question of annexation was submitted to a popular vote...[it] would be defeated," he wrote.

The Blount Report's unsparing assessment of the US role in the overthrow was far from universally welcomed. Submitted to Congress by Cleveland in a lengthy message of December 18, 1893, in which he described the coup as "an act of war... [against] the Government of a feeble but friendly and confiding people...which a due regard for our national character as well as the rights of the injured people requires we should endeavor to repair"—words the visitor can find emblazoned on a rock in President Grover Cleveland Court in downtown Honolulu today—it became a cornerstone of the anti-annexationist position in the national struggle over Manifest Destiny taking place at the time. It was countered two months later by another voluminous document known as the Morgan Report, after the annexationist chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Democrat John Tyler Morgan of Alabama, who established to his own satisfaction, though not to that of all the members of his committee, just what he set out to establish, among other points: that Blount's appointment to Hawai'i without the consent of the Senate was illegal in the first place, and that no illegalities had been committed by US representatives or armed forces in Hawai'i in the second place.

"Manifest Destiny" was the catchphrase for a whole confluence of late nineteenth-century racial, economic and national defense issues that divided the public as intensely as any such issues since slavery. With its dark-skinned natives, burgeoning sugar plantations and strategic location, Hawai'i was at the center of the debates. While *The Nation*, along with *Harper's Weekly* and a number of influential papers across the country, was passionately in the anti-annexationist column [see boxes, pages 18 and 19], other papers, from the *San Francisco Chronicle* to the *New York Sun*, were just as eager for it to happen. The Anti-Imperialist League, with prominent members, sent speakers all over the country. Congress prevaricated. Despite his original hope of restoring Lili'uokalani to her throne, Cleveland appears to have been stymied by her alleged initial refusal to grant amnesty to those who conspired against her and by the stalemate in Congress. With their hopes for annexation stalled, on July 4, 1894, the leaders of the coup, who had been calling themselves the Provisional Government, renamed themselves the Republic of Hawai'i, further complicating efforts at US intervention, which they now claimed would be interference with the internal affairs of a sovereign state. In January 1895, after an unsuccessful native uprising against the government of which she was accused of having prior knowledge, Lili'uokalani was tried, convicted and imprisoned in 'Iolani Palace, which further strengthened the new government's position. In spring 1897, when expansionist Republican William McKinley succeeded Cleveland, the linked annexationists in Honolulu and Washington resumed their campaign. Still unable to achieve the two-thirds Senate majority required for ratification of annexation by treaty, Congressional annexationists attempted to acquire the islands by joint resolution of both houses—which also stalled until July 1898, two months after Commodore Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay, when it went through.

To those who had resisted the logic of Capt. Alfred Mahan, whose *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History* in 1890 had been followed by a pointed discussion in *Forum* titled "Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power" in 1893, the importance of our troops stopping over in Honolulu on their way to the Philippines now spoke for itself. There never was any treaty. On August 12, 1898, in a formal ceremony, Hawai'i was officially annexed, the land seized from the Kingdom in the 1893 coup included. In 1900 it became a territory. In 1959 in a referendum in which the only choice was whether the voter was for or against statehood—the restoration of the Kingdom or any other form of independence was not an option—it became the fiftieth state. The Blount Report has

GUANO

The first overseas acquisition of the United States was not Hawai'i but Midway, discovered by a commercial seaman in 1859 and claimed under the Guano Act of 1856, which said,

> Whenever any citizen of the United States discovers a deposit of guano on any island, rock, or key, not within the lawful jurisdiction of any other government...and takes peaceable possession thereof, and occupies the same, such island, rock, or key may, at the discretion of the President, be considered as appertaining to the United States.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to me to have been...concerned in taking possession of the first island ever added to the dominion of the United States beyond our own shores, and I sincerely hope that this will by no means be the last of our insular annexations," wrote the captain of the US naval vessel, formalizing the acquisition in 1859. How and when Midway officially became part of Hawai'i is hard to trace, but it is now part of the string of reefs and atolls making up the 140,000-square-mile Northwestern Hawaiian Islands National Monument, established by President George W. Bush in 2006. —E.L.

been challenged, ignored and, doubtless some would argue, transcended, but it has never been convincingly refuted. The issues of the illegality of the overthrow of the government of the Hawaiian Kingdom and the legality of the governments that followed have never really been settled.

III

In mid-1845 King Kamehameha III and his legislature received petitions from the common people of several islands warning that the sale of land to foreigners, their appointments to government offices and their induction as citizens should all be stopped. "The selling of lands to outsiders is not a wise course," said a petition from Kona. "If you wish to sell or lease the lands you should sell or lease them to your own people. By so doing the lands will remain as your own and you will continue to reign over the Hawaiian people and the country and everything in Hawai'i will not be taken away." "It is not proper that any foreigner should come in and be promoted in your kingdom, among your Chiefs and your people," argued a petition from Lāhainā. The whole idea of foreign citizenship was called into question. "What is to be the result of so many foreigners taking the oath of allegiance?" the Lāhainā petitioners asked. That "this kingdom will pass into their hands, and that too very soon," they answered themselves. "We, to whom the land has belonged from the beginning, shall all dwindle away."

What is remarkable about these petitions is not only their indication of the strength of the connection between the people and their sovereign, nor even their prescience in anticipating the effects that the incorporation of so many foreign elements would bring; it is that only twenty-five years after the New England missionaries began the work of creating a Hawaiian alphabet from the sounds of their unwritten language, the petitions were all in writing and that a mere six years after a declaration of principles of government informally known as the Hawaiian Magna Carta had begun to spell out the rights of ordinary citizens and limit those of the monarch, the rudimentary constitutional government to which they were addressed was well in place. While much of what came in with the foreigners has often been rejected or repudiated, the tools of literacy and democracy were quickly put to use.

The society the Native Hawaiians were seeking to preserve with their petitions was a stable, well-ordered hierarchical world in which the sense of belonging was so natural that no one could ever have noticed its existence until the way of life everyone had so naturally led had disappeared. It has been described in a recent comparative anthropological study as having the "most complex [social organization] of any Polynesian chiefdoms and probably of any chiefdoms known elsewhere in the world" at contact. From the first settlements, now generally thought to have been by voyagers from the Marquesas or Tahiti who arrived around the time of Christ, the small populations of all the islands gradually expanded in terrain, from the windward coasts into the leeward areas, and in numbers, until somewhere around 1100, when they were joined by a second migration, from Tahiti, which continued for a few hundred years. It is from this mix, during the period roughly between 1100 and perhaps 1600 or 1700, that the society now referred to as ancient Hawaiian civilization—with its distinctive technological accomplishments in aquaculture and agriculture, its distinctive cultural achieve-

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ments in oral poetry and dance, and its distinctive combination of religious and political power—gradually solidified.

Described variously as feudal or communal, depending on the preconceptions of the observer, Hawaiian society as it existed at the time of European contact appears to have had one particularly notable feature: that however specialized and stratified social functions and social relationships might be, they were intrinsically reciprocal. This was particularly true of the relationship between the ali'i, the chiefs, and the maka'ainana, the common people, whose rights to the land were guaranteed regardless of changes in the fortunes of the high-ranking konohiki, or overseers, or even of the chiefs themselves, as a result of wars or other familial or political challenges. "A stone that is high up can roll down, but a stone that is down cannot roll" was the saying that articulated this principle. One of the many sources of the bond between the chiefs and the people was, as it always is, war. Although the dates are not firmly established, it appears that at least by the beginning of the eighteenth century a process of consolidation of separately ruled chiefdoms on each of the major islands, by war, was largely completed and by the end of the century the four separate island kingdoms of Māui, Hawai'i, O'ahu and Kaua'ī, but particularly Māui and Hawai'i, were each trying to consolidate the whole. It was a long, ambitious effort, involving major movements of men and supplies, taking place on both sides of European contact and before and after the incorporation of European weapons and ships. It was also exceedingly bloody. As most visitors today know from the signs atop the pali where it took place, about 10,000 warriors died in the 1795 Battle of Nu'anu alone, in which Hawai'i conquered O'ahu .

AP PHOTO/HAWAII STATE ARCHIVE

During Hawai'i's annexation ceremony, the Republic of Hawai'i's flag is removed from a flagpole at 'Iolani Palace in Honolulu on August 12, 1898.

The unification of the islands at the same time that they were discovered by the West is the central fact of modern Hawaiian history, for it meant that just as the nation was coming together, the culture that made it one was coming apart. From the weapons demonstrations provided by the first white sailors who ended up staying on the islands, which helped King Kamehameha win the wars, to the diplomatic guidance provided him by British navigator George Vancouver, which helped him get his bearings in the world, the establishment of the united Kingdom and the influence of Westerners were intertwined. Everything that happened occurred against the backdrop of the European and American presence, including the famous events of 1819 celebrated throughout Christendom when, shortly after the death of Kamehameha, his chiefly successors renounced their native gods without ever having seen the first missionaries, who arrived the following year. By that time Western commercial traders had been flooding the country for more than a quarter-century, and their impunity from the *tabus* of the Hawaiian gods as well as their immunity from the diseases decimating the people were hard to miss.

As gaping as the religious void was a political void. With the previously unknown islands suddenly at the center of a burgeoning tricontinental trade in fur, sandalwood and whale oil, there were tasks to be performed for which the Hawaiians in their self-contained development could not possibly have been prepared. When the legislative council responded to the Lāhainā petitioners' request that the foreigners in the government be dismissed with the question, "If these shall be dismissed, where is there a man who is qualified to transact business with [other] foreigners?" they were not simply being self-serving, they were also being practical.

The most important business involving foreigners around the middle of the century—probably more far-reaching even than the treaties initiating the new Kingdom into the web of nations—was the introduction of private property, the conversion of the ancient system in which the land was used rather than owned into a system in which it could be bought and sold, a transformation known as the Māhele. Both the rationale and the process of the Māhele, whose aftermath is still in dispute, are too complicated to be briefly summarized, but it is the cornerstone of the subsequent development of the islands. When the initial land awards were completed, 70 percent of the maka'ainana had lost the rights to the land they and their ancestors had long enjoyed, and the acquisition of land by foreigners on which the great fortunes of the islands rest even today was well under way. It is difficult to imagine anything harder to bear for a people already bearing so much than the loss of their land. In the roughly fifty years between the Māhele and annexation, the native population approximately halved again, from 88,000 to about 40,000. In addition, with the expansion of the sugar industry beginning around the same time and the deliberate importation of foreign labor to keep the new plantations going, particularly the Chinese in the 1850s and the Japanese in the 1860s, Hawaiians were soon a much smaller percentage of the population as a whole—about half in the 1880s, about a quarter at annexation. Without a place in their own society, many natives who did not die of disease died of despair, a phenomenon noticed by European and Hawaiian observers alike. "The people dis-

missed freely their souls and died"* was the Hawaiian way of putting it. It would be wrong to oversimplify the relationships between Europeans and Hawaiians. Among the Westerners from many different countries who left their mark on the new Kingdom were those who respected Hawaiian civilization as well as those who mocked it, those whose learning helped preserve some of its cultural treasures for later generations as well as those whose actions hastened their decay, those with genuine feeling for their Hawaiian wives, mistresses, friends and colleagues and those whose only feeling was for themselves. Whatever the character of individuals, however, the consequences of their collective presence—Hawaiian losses and haole gains—remained the same.

When David Kalākaua—the first monarch not of the direct Kamehameha lineage to rule the islands—became King in 1874, he took as his motto *Ho'oulu Lāhui*: Increase the Nation. "I shall endeavor to preserve and increase the people that they shall multiply and fill the land with chiefs and commoners," he said in one of his first public speeches. Kalākaua is the most controversial figure in Hawaiian history, more so even than the Queen, his sister and successor. He is applauded and condemned in different quarters today almost as passionately as he was when he lived, in part because his legacy is so complex. Not only did he strengthen the Kingdom abroad through an unprecedented round-the-world voyage during which he impressed dignitaries from Tokyo to London with his intellect and sophistication—he also weakened it at home, where he undermined the balance between native and foreign power maintained by his predecessors by capitulating, under threat of force, to the aptly named 1887 Bayonet Constitution, which expanded the power of the latter at the expense of the former. Not only did he strengthen the nation's identity through such unifying symbols as the 'Iolani Palace and the statue of Kamehameha the Great, which still grace Honolulu today, he also weakened its security, particularly by the 1887 renewal of the 1876 sugar-inspired reciprocity treaty with the United States, which involved the first official abandonment of Hawaiian territorial sovereignty: the cession of Pearl Harbor. Controversial financial charges against Kalākaua, ranging from reckless extravagance to personal corruption, have also never gone out of circulation. Undoubtedly the principal reason for the continued debate about Kalākaua's place and stature is his continued relevance. He is one of the major links between the old Hawaiian civilization and the contemporary sovereignty movement. When he brought the missionary-outlawed hula back into public performance, when he set up a genealogical board to verify and record the true family histories of the endangered ali'i, when he created the semi-secret society Ka Hale Nauā—Temple of Wisdom—to preserve traditional forms of knowledge of the earth, sea and sky, he was giving his people back their interupted history. When he held his formal coronation and other public celebrations on the palace grounds, he was reinforcing a connection between the monarchy and the people that would help give them something to hold on to. While it is Lili'uokalani who is generally credited with leaving behind the legal framework that has made it possible for later generations to challenge the legitimacy of her successors, it may well have been Kalākaua who kept alive the love of the Kingdom that accounts for the outpourings of the 1993 centennial in the first place. The identification of the Hawaiian people with the monarchy is very strong. A few weeks after the coup, a musical friend of Lili'uokalani's was asked by members of the Royal Hawaiian Band who had refused to sign the new government's petition for annexation to the United States to write them a song that would express their loyalty to the Queen. You will not be paid… You will have to eat stones… is what they were told. The result was "Kaulana Nā Pua," Famous Are the Flowers, the "pua" frequently also translated as "children" or "descendants" but always meaning something growing out of and belonging to the land:

Kaulana nā pua a'o Hawai'i
K ū pa'a mahope o ka 'āina
Hiki mai ka 'elele o ka loko 'ino
Palapala 'ānunu me ka pākaha.

Famous are the children of Hawai'i
Ever loyal to the land
When the evil-hearted messenger comes
With his greedy document of extortion.

Pane mai Hawai'i moku o Keawe.
Kōkua nā Hono a'o Pi'ilani.
Kāko'o mai Kaua'i o Mano
Pa'apū me ke one Kakuhihewa.

Hawai'i, land of Keawe, answers.
Pi'ilani's bays help.
Mano's Kaua'i lends support
And so do the sands of Kakuhihewa.

'A'ole 'a' 'kau i ka pūlima
Maluna o ka pepa o ka 'enemi
Ho'ohui 'āina kū 'ai hewa
I ka pono sivila a'o ke kanaka.

No one will fix a signature
To the paper of the enemy
With its sin of annexation
And sale of native civil rights.

'A'ole mākou a'e minamina
I ka pu'ukālā a ke aupuni.
Ua lawa makou i ka pōhaku,
I ka 'ai kamaha o o ka 'āina.

We do not value
The government's sums of money.
We are satisfied with the stones.
Astonishing food of the land.

Mahope mākou o Lili'u-lani
A loa'a 'ē ka pono a ka 'āina.
(A kau hou 'ia e ke kalaunu)
Ha'ina 'ia mai ana ka puana
Ka po'e i aloha i ka 'aina.

We back Lili'u-lani
Who has won the rights of the land.
(She will be crowned again.)
Tell the story
Of the people who love their land.

* In 1893 the population of Hawai'i was just under 90,000: 45 percent Native Hawaiian or part Hawaiian, 17 percent Chinese and 14 percent Japanese, with whites constituting another 16 percent, only 2 percent of whom—1,928 people—were American. (The remaining 8 percent was an undifferentiated category of people born in Hawai'i of foreign parents, Polynesians and "other.") The Census Bureau lists the 2006 population as 1,285,498: 9.4 percent Native Hawaiian and Pacific Islander, 40 percent Asian and 29 percent white, with the remainder including blacks, 2.5 percent; Hispanics, 7.8 percent; and a small number of American Indians and Alaska Natives.

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Soon the new government's demand that the band members sign "the paper of the enemy" had become a rallying call. In 1893 the people of Hawai'i had not yet lost their language—that would happen under the Territory—but even as they did, they kept this song. When it was revived by a leading popular musician near the beginning of the cultural revival in the 1970s, it fit right in. When it was sung—in Hawaiian—to the great throngs on the 'Iolani Palace grounds in the 1993 commemoration, the crowd knew the words.

IV

On January 3, 1976, a small group of citizens of the islands of Māui and Moloka'i crossed an eight-mile channel from Māui to begin the illegal occupation of an island few Americans even knew existed, the eighth and smallest of the major Hawaiian islands, Kaho'olawe. However little-known it was at the time, Kaho'olawe was known very well to the earliest Hawaiians, for whom it was the base for the celestial and navigational instruction that made possible the round-trip voyages from Hawai'i to Tahiti, which are thought to have gone on until around 1400. Its place names, such as Lae o Kealaikahiki, the "Point of Pathway to Tahiti," are full of information about its role. It was also well-known to the residents of the nearest parts of Māui and Lāna'i because ever since December 8, 1941, the day after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, it had been given over to the Navy for target practice, a function that continued well into the Vietnam era. When the bombs hit Kaho'olawe, you could see, hear and feel them throughout the neighboring islands. "As a child [I experienced] the shaking of all our windows as an everyday occurrence," a man from Lāna'i testified at a public hearing.

The struggle for Kaho'olawe is seen by many observers as the formative episode in the larger struggle to reclaim Hawaiian identity, which has been a force in the islands ever since because there was something so deeply *Hawaiian* about it. For one thing, it was about the land, to which Hawaiians understand themselves to be so genealogically related that its desecration becomes practically a family murder. From the first night spent on dry ground so littered with unexploded ordnance that any footstep might have led to death, the two members of the group who had avoided arrest by the Coast Guard felt themselves to be in the presence of their ancestors, and the more they learned as their movement widened and deepened, the more they learned that was true. Later archaeological surveys discovered more than 2,000 shrines, living areas and other evidence of a functioning society.

The character of the movement and the people in it was also distinctively Hawaiian. Organized as an 'ohana—family—rather than as a formal association, it blended the knowledge of the elders, who still knew from oral traditions something of the former status of Kaho'olawe, with the energies of the young people, who still had the will to reclaim it. Led by, among others, a charismatic singer-philosopher named George Helm, whose roots were deep in the rural soil of Moloka'i, the Protect Kaho'olawe 'Ohana, or PKO, attracted others with the same combination of intelligence and soul, and when Helm and an experienced boatman named Kimo Mitchell were lost at sea during another attempted landing in March 1977 the determination

of the ʻohana further intensified. Just as there is no inauthenticity like that of the Hawaiian tourist industry, there is no authenticity like that of the true Hawaiian, and in light of its influence the juxtaposition of the sacredness of Kahoʻolawe and its devastation began to appear more and more unacceptable. In 1980, as a result of PKO litigation, the Navy agreed to limit bombing, begin clearance of live munitions, institute conservation and reforestation measures, and allow access to PKO for four no-bombing days ten months a year to carry out its own preservation and restoration activities. In 1990 the bombing was ended completely, and in 1994 the island was returned to the State of Hawaiʻi along with $400 million from Washington to further its recovery. The island is still a dangerous place, and disagreements remain over who should control the right of access, the state or PKO, but when the children of Lānaʻi and Māui look out today over the narrow channels that separate them from Kahoʻolawe they see not the source of their nightmares but a source of pride.

The literal uncovering of the Hawaiian past on Kahoʻolawe both strengthened and was strengthened by other political struggles and cultural retrievals occurring about the same time. In 1959, as the simultaneous arrival of statehood and jets brought with it a building boom that resulted in the displacement of many Native Hawaiian communities throughout the islands, there were organized protests and demonstrations from Oʻahu to Kauaʻi. There was the Hōkūleʻa, a bold reconstruction of a Polynesian voyaging canoe, which made a successful journey from Māui to Tahiti by noninstrument navigation in thirty-two days in 1976, precisely duplicating the voyages recounted in ancestral chants—the first of many such navigational feats. There were young musicians exploring a newly realized Hawaiian-ness with such contributions as "Kaulana Nā Pua." There were hula teachers, traditional healers and practitioners of the Hawaiian martial art of lua, all survivors of a frail Polynesian underground that had somehow managed to sustain itself over the years. The more Hawaiians came together in protest or song, the more they understood that they were in fact *Hawaiians* and that they no longer knew what that meant.

Apart from the revered scholar, translator, songwriter and chanter Mary Kawena Pukui, whose works included the Hawaiian-English dictionary, a study of Hawaiian place names and an anthropological study of traditional Hawaiian society on the Big Island, where she was born, and those who collaborated with her, Hawaiian history under the Territory did not exist, either as academic enterprise or on the shelves. The writings of the great Hawaiian historian Samuel Kamakau had been published only in newspapers, mainly between 1866 and 1871, and were unavailable until translated and collected by Pukui in 1961. The invaluable works of preservation that had been undertaken toward the end of the nineteenth century—Abraham Fornander's three-volume *An Account of the Polynesian Race*, King Kalākaua's *Legends and Myths of Hawaii*, Nathaniel Emerson's *Unwritten Literature of Hawaii*—and even a unique series of lectures on ancient Hawaiian civilization sponsored by the Kamehameha School in the 1930s, had all gone out of print. As for the history of the Territory itself, it is perhaps best symbolized by the statue of President McKinley outside McKinley

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  Noon, Fowler Auditorium
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  Noon, Humanities A51
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High School in Honolulu clutching a Treaty of Annexation that never was. The Queen was not fat, stupid, lazy and lascivious either, as children educated under the Territory were generally taught. Her autobiography, *Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen*, which has proven to be the single most influential account of the overthrow and annexation, was also out of print.

The loss of history was inseparable from another fundamental loss, the Hawaiian language. What the missionaries had given in establishing the Hawaiian alphabet in the 1820s their descendants had taken away with the banning of Hawaiian as the medium of instruction in public and private schools in 1896. Nineteenth-century Hawaiians had amazed the world with the speed and pleasure with which they took to seeing their language in writing, achieving near-universal literacy in a few decades and mastering a wide range of subjects from math to geography in their native tongue. Shakespeare, along with the classic writers of other Western languages, was also translated into Hawaiian. In addition, over the course of the century about a hundred Hawaiian-language newspapers had come into being, with articles on subjects ranging from prayer to politics, making the written language an everyday, taken-for-granted thing. It did not take long for this legacy to be shattered. In stories too familiar from the experiences of indigenous people everywhere, great-grandparents alive today recall being slapped if they used a Hawaiian word on the school grounds and slapped harder if they used it a second time. Today's grandparents remember the shame of speaking the language as part of the larger shame of simply being Hawaiian. Many of today's parents and children grew up without ever hearing the language at all. With dwindling readership, the last of the Hawaiian-language newspapers went out of business around World War II. The number of native speakers of Hawaiian left in the 1980s was estimated to be under 2,000.

In 1983 a group of educators formed 'Aha Pūnana Leo, which means "language nest," expressing their wish to feed their ancestral language into the mouths of Hawaiian children as birds feed their young. Starting with one immersion preschool on Kaua'i, the immersion program now includes two independent K-12s as well as similar programs within the Hawaiian public school system. The numbers are small and the teachers involved are quick to stress the difficulties, including the paucity of curriculum materials and of other teachers, but the program is still turning out graduates who are fluent and literate in Hawaiian. Hawaiian is considered to be one of the most successful language-reclamation programs in the world, after Hebrew, which is one of its models, and it is itself a model for the revitalization of other indigenous languages in the United States and elsewhere. In the same period a new generation of scholars trained in the language, which had been available at the university level since 1921, began translating and interpreting nineteenth-century archives largely unused by previous historians, in time publishing a number of remarkable books that show the Hawaiians of the nineteenth century in a new and active light, both drawing on and enhancing the knowledge of the past [see "Resources," page 28]. There are also Hawaiian studies programs at the university campuses at Manoa and Hilo. Today, Hawaiian history is no longer so hard to find. Kamakau, Kalākaua, Emerson, Fornander and the Queen, among others, are all available at the supermarket.

From *On Being Hawaiian*

Statistically I am part-Hawaiian; although I was reminded one night at a dinner party by a charming, mathematically astute lady, who descends from two prominent early missionary couples, that I am actually three-eighths Hawaiian by blood. All four of my grandparents were part-Polynesian: two actually fifty-percent white and fifty-percent Hawaiian; one who was a mixture of Tahitian, Hawaiian and white; and the fourth, one-quarter Hawaiian and three-quarters white…. My ancestors here included a Spanish rancher; a part-Corsican, part-Tahitian alii woman; an American missionary couple originally from Holden, Massachusetts; a British earl; a Boston businessman; and Hawaiians from both the high-ranking and the lesser, the kau-kau alii, who came originally from the islands of Maui and Hawaii. I am, in depth, a product of Hawaii—an American, yes, who is a citizen of the fiftieth State, but I am also a Hawaiian; somewhat by blood, and in large measure by sentiment. Of this, I am proud.

—John Dominis Holt, one of the first voices of the Hawaiian Renaissance, 1964

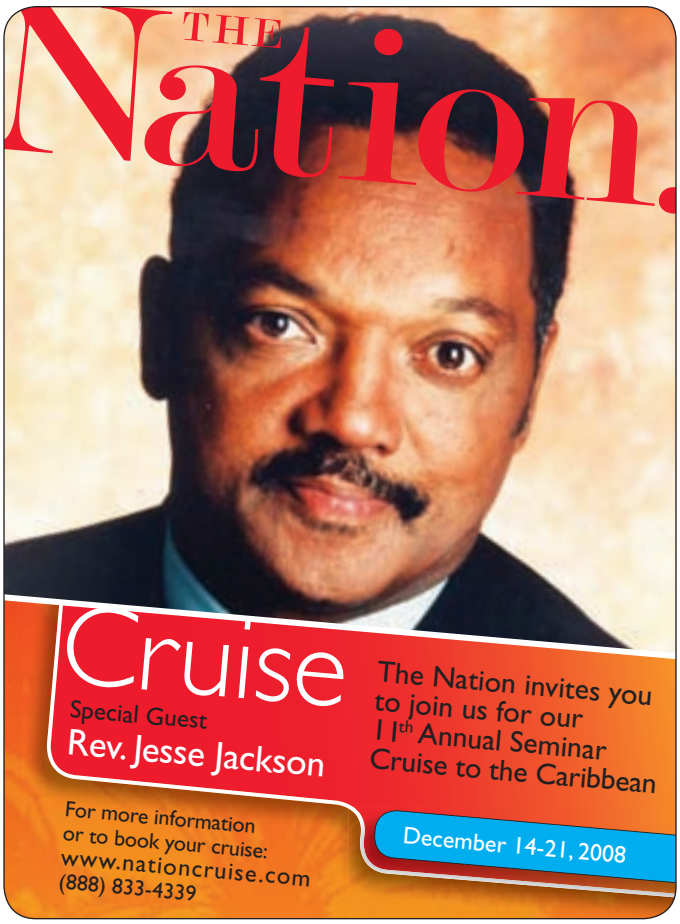
So many recoveries led naturally to the question: why not the ultimate recovery—sovereignty? How the idea first arose is a subject on which there are many different opinions. What "sovereignty" might be exactly and how to get it are also the subject of many opinions. In the 1980s and '90s the strongest initiative came from a grassroots organization call Kā Lahui Hawai'i, which defined itself as a "nation within a nation" and enrolled as many as 20,000 Hawaiians in a constitutionally governed entity internal to the state with representation from all the islands. Recently, positions resting on international law—some stressing the illegality of the 1893 overthrow, others the illegitimacy of statehood on the grounds of the US unilateral withdrawal of Hawai'i from the UN's list of Non-Self-Governing Territories, still others combining both arguments—have been getting more attention. The underlying claim is the same laid out in the 1993 international tribunal: Hawaiian sovereignty was never legally relinquished. There are also numerous other variants, and numerous representatives of them, including a Hawaiian Kingdom and a Reinstated Hawaiian Kingdom, separate organizations, each with its own thinkers, strategies and shadow cabinet. For all its divisions, the sovereignty movement is a tightly knit political community, and for the most part people get along. All can agree with the recent formulation of one of their several spokespeople apropos the anticipated 2009 half-century anniversary of statehood: "To me statehood is not a reason for celebration. We've been led to believe that we were adopted, and then we found out we were kidnapped."

Despite the fact that inside the sovereignty camp it sometimes appears that its influence peaked with the flush of 1993, in other circles it is still seen as a rising force, enough to provoke a continuing reaction. In 2000, thanks to a Hawaiian incarnation of the conservative-libertarian ideological group-

ing that includes such US representatives as the Heritage and Heartland foundations, a challenge to the right of a state agency, the Office of Hawaiian Affairs (OHA), to confine voting for its trustees to citizens of Hawaiian descent was upheld by the Supreme Court, in *Rice v. Cayetano*, clearing a pathway for similar challenges to a variety of Native Hawaiian benefit programs, many of them administered by the OHA. (Another challenge, to the hallowed Hawaiians-only admission policy of the Kamehameha schools, settled out of court in 2007 after years of litigation, emerged from the same political constellation.) With health, income, education and other vital statistics consistently showing Native Hawaiians at the bottom of the ethnic social ladder, the threat to such aid as had emerged over the years was unacceptable to the state's Democratic leadership, which began pressing for a federally recognized tribal government for Native Hawaiians to protect the endangered programs. The legislation—known formally as the Native Hawaiian Government Reorganization Act and informally as the Akaka bill after Senator Daniel Akaka, who has introduced it regularly since 2000—has become the locus of an increasingly serious national debate centering on whether the bill recognizes Native Hawaiians on a political basis, which according to the bill's supporters has precedents in federal Indian policy and poses no constitutional problems, or on a racial basis, which, according to conservative opponents including the Bush White House, would be illegal. More recently, this argument has been taken up in the public arena, with conservative editorialists denouncing the bill's proposed creation of a special status for Native Hawaiians as at best discriminatory and at worst racist.

On the islands, too, the Akaka bill has generated increasing heat, and even fear, opposed by peculiar bedfellows: the constellation behind the legal challenges, led since 2001 by the Honolulu-based Grassroot Institute, who see it as dividing the citizens of Hawai'i into two classes according to race and opening the way to secession, and many sovereignty activists, who see it as distorting and undermining their fundamental identity. Their position is, We are not Native Americans, we are not even Native Hawaiians, we are Polynesians. Another commonality between the conservatives and the sovereignty movement is distrust of the OHA, the thirty-year-old agency that, as the chief lobbyist for the Akaka bill and the natural starting point for a future Native Hawaiian government, is widely seen as unable to separate advocacy for Native Hawaiians, which was its original mandate, from protecting its own bureaucracy, which was not. With Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama having recently stated that, unlike Bush, they would sign the Akaka bill should it pass Congress (and with John McCain also thought to support it), the long stalemate over the bill may be coming to an end. What happens if it becomes law is unpredictable. The bill is conspicuously vague. Deferring all important decisions to future "government-to-government" negotiations after a Native Hawaiian governing entity is created, the bill is so open-ended that no one knows where it will lead, including Senator Akaka, who told an NPR interviewer that it would be up to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren whether to seek independence—a bit of candor greeted in many quarters with a shiver.

The heart of the matter, long concealed by other things and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staggering to contemplate now that it is being faced, is land: the 1.8 million acres "ceded" by the Republic to the United States at the time of annexation and referred to by everyone touched by the sovereignty movement as "stolen." This land involves roughly half the state of Hawai'i and includes some of its most valuable property, starting with the Honolulu airport. Whenever one of the islands' vigilant protest groups litigates or rallies against the environmental consequences of the Army's twenty-ton Strykers or the inter-island superferry or genetically modified seeds, the question is raised, Whose land is it, anyway?: the question of sovereignty. The crowds at sovereignty demonstrations are far smaller than in 1993, but the ideas of the sovereignty movement have taken hold.

The most remarkable thing about the present moment, in fact, is the extent to which the illegality of the American takeover is recognized. Despite the fact that the racial mixture of individuals and families is such that the question of who is "Hawaiian" can never be satisfactorily answered; despite the fact that a large proportion of families are thoroughly integrated into the economic status quo through the employment of one or more members in the military or tourist industry; despite the fact that, overall, the citizens of Hawai'i appear used to and indeed proud of being Americans, there is a widespread consensus, strengthened by the Apology Resolution,

Further Reading and Resources

The indispensable work of traditional Hawaiian historiography is the three-volume *The Hawaiian Kingdom* by Ralph Kuykendall, University of Hawai'i Press, 1938, 1953 and (posthumous) 1967. The standard academic history of the overthrow and annexation is the two-volume treatment by William Adam Russ Jr., *The Hawaiian Revolution (1893-1894)*, 1959, and *The Hawaiian Republic, 1894–1898, and Its Struggle to Win Annexation*, 1961, both republished by Associated University Presses, 1992. The standard articulation of the antisovereignty position is *Hawaiian Sovereignty: Do the Facts Matter?* by Thurston Twigg-Smith, Goodale, 1998. The indispensable works of contemporary historiography by scholars associated with the Hawaiian revival are Lilikalā Kame'eleihiwa's *Native Land and Foreign Desires*, Bishop Museum Press, 1992; Davianna Pōmaika'i McGregor's *Nā Kua'āina: Living Hawaiian Culture*, University of Hawai'i Press, 2007; Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwo'ole Osorio's *Dismembering Lāhui: A History of the Hawaiian Nation to 1887*, University of Hawai'i Press, 2002, and Noenoe Silva's *Aloha Betrayed: Native Hawaiian Resistance to American Colonialism*, Duke, 2004. Recently published is legal scholar Jon Van Dyke's definitive *Who Owns the Crown Lands of Hawai'i?* University of Hawai'i Press, 2007, certain to become the standard reference for that question. The best single book on annexation is Tom Coffman's *Nation Within: The Story of America's Annexation of the Nation of Hawai'i*, Epicenter, 1998. Coffman's *The Island Edge of America: A Political History of Hawai'i*, University of Hawai'i Press, 2003, offers general political background. A useful anthropological study is Timothy Earle's *How Chiefs Come to Power: The Political Economy in Prehistory*, Stanford, 1997, which looks at two other chiefdoms besides Hawai'i, one in Denmark, the other in the Andes. Other valuable works include Niklaus Schweizer's *Turning Tide: The Ebb and Flow of Hawaiian Nationality*, Peter Lang, 2005, which examines Hawaiian history in relation to worldwide historical forces from the fifteenth century on; Michael Dougherty's *To Steal a Kingdom*, Island Style Press, 1992, which is credited with bringing many of the suppressed issues in Hawaiian history to widespread attention; John Dominis Holt's groundbreaking 1964 essay "On Being Hawaiian," republished by Ku Pa'a Publishing, 1995; Haunani-Kay Trask's 1993 *From a Native Daughter*, one of the strongest and most influential texts of the sovereignty movement, republished by University of Hawai'i Press, 1999; *Islands in Captivity: The International Tribunal on the Rights of Indigenous Hawaiians*, edited by Ward Churchill and Sharon Venne, South End Press, 2005, which contains original articles and reports as well as transcripts of the Tribunal's hearings; and *Ho'Iho'i Hou: A Tribute to George Helm & Kimo Mitchell*, edited by Rodney Morales, Bamboo Ridge Press, 1984, an intimate look at the fight for Kaho'olawe. In a class by itself is Liliu'okalani's autobiography, *Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen*, first published in 1898, currently Mutual Publishing, Honolulu.

There is also an invaluable video archive. Many important events in the evolution of the sovereignty movement, including the 1993 Tribunal, have been documented by filmmakers Joan Lander and Puhipau of Nā Maka o ka 'Āina, who have also produced widely seen historical films such as *Act of War—The Overthrow of the Hawaiian Nation*, about the annexation struggle. Their catalog is available at namaka.com. A series of historical videos with a cultural focus is available from musician Eddie Kamae's Hawaiian Legacy Foundation at hawaiianlegacy.com. A video of Tom Coffman's *Nation Within* is available at nativebookshawaii.com, also an excellent starting place for a general online browse.

Resources available on the web include the entire 1,400-page Blount Report (http://libweb.hawaii.edu/digicoll/annexation/blount.html), the 800-page Morgan Report (http://morganreport.org), the 1897 anti-annexation petitions (http://libweb.hawaii.edu/digicoll/annexation/petition.html) and most of the other important documents in Hawaiian history, from international treaties to President Cleveland's "Act of War" speech. See, for instance, hawaiiankingdom.org for comprehensive documentation and argument about historical and present developments. Timelines are at http://hawaiianhistory.org/ref/chron.html and huiohawaiiponoi.org, among other places. For an antimilitary focus in a sovereignty context see http://afschawaii.org. For an environmental focus see kahea.org. For the Hawaiian language-recovery program see ahapunanaleo.org. For a contrary view of almost everything in this essay, historical and political, see angelfire.com/hi2/hawaiiansovereignty/ and grassrootinstitute.org. All this is only a start. If there is a limit to what is out there, I have not yet found it. —E.L.

that the historical sequence that began with the takeover of the Hawaiian Kingdom and ended with Hawai'i's star on the American flag was wrong, and that the fact that it started a long time ago does not make it right. "If it is disgraceful for a single individual to steal, it is no less disgraceful for a nation, an aggregate of individuals, to steal…[and] I believe that when the American people fully understand the Hawaiian matter, they will condemn the great wrong done to the natives by the missionaries and their descendants," wrote Grover Cleveland's Secretary of State Walter Gresham in 1895, a prediction that seems finally to be coming true. No one thinks that that historical sequence can be reversed, but neither can it any longer be ignored. The next phases will be the stuff of politics on both sides of the water. As for the Native Hawaiians, whose very existence as a people was so long presumed doomed, they are moved simply to find themselves still here. "Hawaiians go back 1,200 generations," proclaimed one of the speakers at the most recent commemoration of the overthrow last January, "and we will be here for 1,200 more." So they are not in a terrible hurry. They know change takes time. Just offshore from the Big Island, Hawai'i, a new volcanic island is thrusting up from the ocean floor—Kama'ehu—already represented on a sovereignty T-shirt, though it is not expected to reach the surface for at least 10,000 years. In the words of a new chant accompanying a Hawaiian dance troupe's homage to the new arrival: "The child is born, the family grows." ■

Hawai'i Needs You

An open letter to the US left from the Hawaiian sovereignty movement.

The confluence of two forces—a massive military expansion in Hawai'i and Congressional legislation that will stymie the Kanaka Maoli [Native Hawaiian] sovereignty movement—will expand and consolidate the use of Hawai'i for US empire. We are calling on the US left to join our movement opposing these threats and to add our quest for independence as a plank of the broad US left strategy for a nonimperialist America. If you support peace and justice for the United States and the world, please support demilitarization and independence for Hawai'i.

Since 1893, the United States has malformed Hawai'i into the command and control center for US imperialism in Oceania and Asia. From the hills of the Ewa district of O'ahu, the US Pacific Command—the largest of the unified military commands—directs troops and hardware throughout literally half the planet. Since the late nineteenth century, the US military has multiplied in our islands, taking 150,000 acres for its use, including one-quarter of the metropolitan island of O'ahu. Moreover, the National Security Administration is building a new surveillance facility nearby, not far from where urban assault brigades, called Strykers, will train for deployment throughout the world. The US Navy is also increasing training over the entire archipelago, including populated areas and the fragile northwestern whale sanctuary. This militarized occupation has a long history. Ke Awalau o Pu'uloa—known now as Pearl Harbor—became one of the very first overseas bases, along with Guantánamo, around the time of the Spanish-American War. We still hold much in common with prerevolution Cuba—a sugar plantation economy and status as the playground for the rich of North America.

We have suffered from the effects of being the pawn for US wars on the world. Our family members languish from strange diseases brought by military toxins in our water and soil. Our economy is a foreign-run modern plantation serving multinational shareholders and decorated generals. We salute a foreign flag, and the education system instructs us to yearn for a distant continent called the Mainland. Tourists imbibe in sunny

IKAIKA HUSSEY

March in Kukaniloko, O'ahu, to stop the Army's Stryker Brigade expansion, September 2005

Waīkikī, while the beaches in the native-inhabited regions are littered with chemical munitions.

But amid our suffering, we have survived. Our tenacity and resilience have historical roots: in 1897, 95 percent of the Kanaka Maoli population signed petitions that helped to defeat a treaty to forcibly annex Hawai'i to the United States.

The last forty years have seen remarkable change for our people, through the advancement of a grassroots struggle against the political occupation and mental colonization of our homeland. We have been successful in several campaigns: in stopping the bombing of Kaho'olawe Island and Makua Valley, in revitalizing the Hawaiian language and culture in our schools and families, in returning to our indigenous spiritual

practices and in making Hawaiian sovereignty a dinner-table topic and an actual possibility. These hard-fought wins are successes in the movement for self-determination and also a threat to America's use of Hawai'i as the purveyor of its empire.

It is against this backdrop that the Akaka bill (the Native Hawaiian Government Reorganization Act) is being discussed in the halls of Congress. Named for US Senator Daniel Akaka, the bill is being promoted by Hawai'i's corporate and political elite as a vehicle for racial justice. Yet the bill would turn back one of the most important victories of the last four decades—the rise of Hawaiian self-determination, including independence, as a political possibility—replacing it with the extinguishment of our historic claims to land and sovereignty.

Our conundrum puts us squarely in opposition to the middle ground of American politics, which has arrived at a consensus that Hawai'i will remain a military colony of the United States. Democratic Senator Daniel Inouye is a major purveyor of pork barrel spending for military appropriations and defense contractors. All three presidential contenders have signaled their support for the Akaka bill. And while the far right wing of the Republican Party opposes the Akaka bill, both major parties have no quarrel over the continuance of the empire's use of our homeland.

In light of this American consensus on Hawai'i, we turn to our nearest political allies, US progressive movements, and seek your solidarity for our independence because it is congruent and essential to your hope for a better world. Please join us in opposing the Akaka bill and the militarization of Hawai'i, and please support Hawai'i's independence as part of your vision for a more humane United States and a more just world.

Ikaika Hussey, *convenor, Movement for Aloha No ka Aina (MANA)*
Terrilee Keko'olani, *Ohana Koa/Nuclear-Free and Independent Pacific*
Noelani Goodyear-Kaopua, *assistant professor of political science, University of Hawaii, Manoa*
Jon Osorio, *director, Center for Hawaiian Studies, University of Hawaii, Manoa*
Kekuni Blaisdell, *convenor, Ka Pakaukau*
Andre Perez, *Hui Pu*
Kelii "Skippy" Ioane, *Hui Pu*
Kai'opua Fyfe, director, *The Koani Foundation*

Letters

(continued from page 2)

nity, never monolithic and now more nuanced than ever, is fighting back. A group of women who were tired of receiving e-mails painting Obama as a closet Muslim, an enemy of Israel and worse embarked on an e-mail counterinsurgency. Their letter explaining why they support Obama and decrying the despicable whispering campaign against him garnered 100 online signatures within days. That letter, now with many hundreds of signers, including prominent Jews in all walks of life, is at jewsforobama.net. I invite your readers to join in.
Barbara Green

A Sip of Southern Comfort

Waukegan, Ill.
There it was in your March 31 issue: several articles devoted to Roberto Bolaño. Thanks to Carmen Boullosa, Marcela Valdes and Forrest Gander for approaching Bolaño with grace and a sip of South American liquor. Since my first encounter with *By Night in Chile*, then the stunning *Savage Detectives*, I keep asking myself, Why is this work so important? I have a better idea now, and I hope to read more. There is much to understand, particularly Bolaño's use of what we say we know from memory and what we choose to remember and how well he plays with memory in those disjointed narratives. Thanks again.
Bill Paterson

Keep It Coming!

Bethesda, Md.
I've been reading *The Nation* for more than twenty years. I shrug when I see letters from readers canceling their subscriptions, most recently in response to the magazine's qualified endorsement of Barack Obama ["Letters," March 24 and April 7]. I haven't always agreed with every word printed in *The Nation*; I'd have to write my own magazine if I wanted to enjoy solidarity without compromise. Compromise—it keeps everything from marriages to legislatures functioning. I'm sorry *The Nation* didn't endorse my first choice, Dennis Kucinich, but please, keep my issues coming.
Walter Winfield

Hummer—Dumb and Dumber

Eagan, Minn.
Brett Story's "Noted" item ["Green Machine?" Feb. 18] on GM's new flex-fuel Hummer regurgitates falsehoods about the fuel instead of examining how preposterous it is that an auto company in trouble is continuing to manufacture such fuel-guzzling vehicles. There's plenty of published work demonstrating that corn ethanol has a net energy *gain* of about 25 percent. Story's estimates of water and grain required to fuel a Hummer are excessive. Next-generation biofuels, those using cellulosic technologies, have much better attributes. Why not consider corn ethanol a transition to a solution instead of an evil? Compare ethanol with gasoline if you want to stir up some controversy.
Bob Shepard

Story Replies

New York City
Bob Shepard is right to censure the auto industry for trying to rebrand itself as an eco-champion. But overwhelming evidence from such institutions as Berkeley and Stanford attest to ethanol's failings—from water consumption and pesticide pollution to deforestation and CO_2 emissions. Almost all biofuels, including ethanol, generate more greenhouse gases during production than gasoline, according to two recent studies in *Science*. Such findings stir up controversy, as should the elite corporate corn growers and members of Congress from farm states (including Barack Obama) who have steered billions in federal subsidies to underwrite ethanol production. An ethanol-fueled Hummer is no more a "transition to a solution" than an ethanol-fueled economy.
Brett Patricia Story

Bee Season

In last week's issue, in Rick Perlstein's "All Aboard the McCain Express," Johann Hari's first name was misspelled, as was *Kaiserslautern* in "Noted."

Books & the Arts.

Where Now? Let's Go!

by JOANNA SCOTT

I don't think Donald Barthelme would have minded being called a confusing writer. Confusion was a favorite subject for him in his essays and reviews, and it's enacted in his fiction in a mishmash of dizzying incongruities. "The part of the story that came next was suddenly missing," one of his narrators admits in a signature Barthelmean moment, and what follows is a hodgepodge of what could be said, what won't be said and a series of "good-quality" lies spun on a whim. Not that all the details are important. We can't count on any incident having lasting significance, nor can we trace a reasonable relationship between cause and consequence in these stories. Events rarely follow logically, and with all the bewildering pronouncements that Barthelme's fictional spokesmen make about the state of the world, it's hard to decipher any coherent idea.

But it's important to consider the different meanings of confusion in order to discuss its effects. While the word denotes disorder and perplexity, in its early usage it also described the physical action of mixing elements to create something new. Through the fusion of fluids, of thoughts, even of people in friendship, confusion was understood as a process that could generate coherence, if only temporarily. Put these different meanings together, and we get the kind of confusion that Barthelme conjures up—an experience that can be as productive as it is unsettling.

Along with being the indefatigable force behind the University of Houston Creative Writing Program for many years, Barthelme is the author of more than seventeen books, including four novels, a children's book and several collections of stories. John Hawkes called him "one of our greatest of all comic writers." Thomas Pynchon coined the phrase "Barthelmismo" to describe the unique "transcendent weirdness" of his work. With Barthelme's death in 1989, we lost one of our most admired—and confusing—writers. Now the independent publisher Shoemaker and Hoard has brought Barthelme back to center stage and given us a chance to reconsider his influence. *Flying to America* is a collection of unpublished and previously uncollected stories, as well as stories that were left out of his two earlier compendium editions, *Sixty Stories* (1981) and *Forty Stories* (1987). In addition, Counterpoint has reissued two volumes of criticism, *The Teachings of Don B.* and *Not-Knowing*, which gather together Barthelme's essays, reviews and interviews.

Besides offering some fine examples of Barthelme's ingenuity, the stories in *Flying to America* reveal the fascinating evolution of his career, from the wildly fractured stories of the '60s to the more subtly disjointed stories he published in the last decade of his life. Though the editor, Kim Herzinger, decided against arranging the pieces in the order in which they were written, his helpful notes give background information on all the stories, with the dates and places of publication. Taking the chronology into account, we can see how Barthelme changed his fictional concoctions, drawing new ingredients from the crowded field of contemporary life, mixing them together and mixing them up.

Here's the opening paragraph of one of Barthelme's earliest stories, "The Piano Player," first published in *The New Yorker* in 1963:

> Outside his window five-year-old Priscilla Hess, square and squat as a mailbox (red sweater, blue lumpy corduroy pants), looked around poignantly for someone to wipe her overflowing nose. There was a butterfly locked inside that mailbox, surely; would it ever escape? Or was the quality of mailboxness stuck to her forever, like her parents, like her name? The sky was sunny and blue. A filet of green Silly Putty disappeared into fat Priscilla Hess and he turned to greet his wife who was crawling through the door on her hands and knees.

A filet of what? And where's that butterfly? We can hope that the wife's predicament will be explained. But poor Priscilla Hess—that's the last we'll see of her and her filet of Silly Putty in this short piece. We'll stay with the story's main characters, a husband and wife, after that first paragraph. Barthelme bombards us with introductory images of questionable relevancy before settling into the ride of the narrative; he starts with a whiplashing jolt and then proceeds at a slower pace, with more rhythmic bumps and turns.

If the rules of a language are followed, words usually make sense. But these very rules can stir the impulse to rebel. We're obliged to keep trying to convey meaning through correct sentences. After a while, the good-soldier rigidity of polished prose can begin to seem dull, and it gets harder to resist the temptation of nonsense. How wonderful it would be to scatter words as they rise to consciousness, to let them lie where they fall.

Samuel Beckett set the bar high for writers interested in the effects of nonsense. Before him, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein provided their own examples of how rhythm can make meaning out of repetition. "If you win you do not lose and if you lose you do not win, at least if you win or if you lose it seems so," wrote Stein. At first glance, she makes it look so simple: state a fact, reverse it and repeat. But simple language isn't necessarily simple, she reminds us. Facts may only seem to be true. Follow this observation to the outer limits of meaning, and the language we rely on to describe our world might not make sense at all.

In some of his early stories, Barthelme relies heavily on repeated syntax, repeated

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Joanna Scott's most recent books are Liberation, *a novel, and* Everybody Loves Somebody, *a collection of stories.*

Flying to America
45 More Stories.
Shoemaker & Hoard. 331 pp. $26.

Not-Knowing
The Essays and Interviews.
Counterpoint. 332 pp. $15.95.

The Teachings of Don B.
Satires, Parodies, Fables, Illustrated Stories, and Plays of Donald Barthelme.
Counterpoint. 352 pp. $15.95.
All by Donald Barthelme.
All edited by Kim Herzinger.

words or both. "Edward laughed. Pia laughed," he writes in the final paragraph of "Edward and Pia," published in 1965. He continues: "They had another glass of wine. Pia was pregnant. They laughed and laughed. Edward turned off the radio. 'The lights went out,' he said in Danish. Pia and Edward laughed. 'What are you thinking about?' Edward asked Pia and she said she couldn't tell him just then because she was laughing." We're not far from Stein here. And in other early stories, we hear the clear echo of Beckett, as in this passage from "Bone Bubbles," published in *The Paris Review* in 1969: "weeping map intense activity din it would be better if we just piled all the stones on the floor crumpled paper wheels out of alignment prints rescued from the inferno beggars writing my article streaked with raisins kept putting things into his mouth foxing pages…" And so the story continues, through a process of free association that grows ever more perplexing.

Barthelme's methods here might be distractingly derivative. But other stories from the same period show Barthelme stepping out from the shadow of the Modernist titans. There are two qualities that reveal a distinct sensibility: one is apparent in the arresting combinations of details; the other involves illuminating meditations on incoherence.

Amusing associations add spark to one of Barthelme's earliest stories, "Pages From the Annual Report." We're introduced to a character with the mixed-up name of William Elderly Baskerville. When faced with a difficult situation, he tends to employ "his best Harvard Business manner." And while he's described staring at the gray of the sky that "never changed," we're told that on the wall behind him, "a sign said BLINK."

There are a lot of Barthelme fans who love his work because it's often really funny. For some critics, though, the good jokes aren't good enough. Denis Donoghue famously compared the experience of reading Barthelme's fiction to "the blowing of dandelion fluff: an inconsequential but not unpleasant way of passing the time." Certainly there's fluff to be found, as in the story "Eugenie Grandet," where Barthelme repeats the word "butter" ninety-seven times, if I'm counting correctly. If jokes like this were all these stories had to offer, I'd tend to agree with Donoghue. Lampooning can win approval from readers by inspiring a feeling of proud camaraderie: we're invited to rub shoulders with the author and think about how stupid other people are. Satire tends to be the mode of art that's easiest to commend, and at its weakest it rests on a precarious pedestal of self-congratulation.

DONALD BARTHELME LITERARY PAPERS. COURTESY OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON LIBRARIES.

Collage from *The Emerald* by Donald Barthelme, 1980

But Barthelme is not often a weak satirist. It could be argued that he's not a satirist at all, since his best depictions of the ridiculous tend to convey more sympathy than derision; he seems less interested in ridiculing the follies of his characters than in exploring the dimensions of the absurd—the shared cosmic joke of life and the pathos of grappling with it. While there might be gleams of smugness here and there in *Flying to America* (especially in his burlesque portraits of insipid young women in some of his early stories), there are also, more significantly and inventively, breathtaking efforts to give coherent expression to the experience of confusion.

A moving example comes in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," published in 1962. A lonely old man named Bloomsbury, who in his downtrodden determination to be heard is not unlike the lonely hero of Joyce's *Ulysses*, acquires a small radio station and begins broadcasting. Sometimes he simply repeats a single word; the first example given is "nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless." Other times he gives what he calls his "commercial announcements," which are really appeals to his former wife. "Here we are, me speaking into the tube, you lying on your back most likely, giving an ear, I don't doubt. Swell of you to tune me in." He goes on to describe his memories of their life together, from "sweeping the chestnuts into the gutter" to eating raspberry ice to "going happily to sleep. Man and wife! Was there ever anything, old skin, like the old days?"

In this story, as in many others, not much is accomplished with the effort to be heard. Rarely do characters make themselves understood within the frame of the story. Their problems remain unsolved; they remain as bewildered by the world as ever. The husbands are usually rejected by their wives, lovers give up on each other, friends betray friends. But this is part of the turmoil of confusion. We come to know more about the experience through its vivid depiction, but at the same time we can't explain it away. While confusion may be possible to enact, it's not easy to understand—and this, for Barthelme, is a conundrum worth exploring.

In the most memorable stories of *Flying*

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- John Nichols
- Eric Alterman

SPECIAL GUESTS

Rev. Jesse Jackson

Jackson Browne

to America, Barthelme depicts individualized confusion. In the title story, a film director laments the problems with his project, day by day. He can't decide on a sequence for the scenes. It's raining, and he has no interiors scheduled. "I wanted to film everything but there are things we're not getting," he admits. His effort to make something comprehensively meaningful culminates in his use of a babbling actor he calls "the genius." He puts the genius in front of the camera and films him speaking whatever comes into his head. The genius in the clip sounds like he stepped out of one of Barthelme's early stories: "Preterminal mummification of the deserving poor has been spoken of but I don't think we'll actually do it—not yet. Managerial capabilities and leadership potential may yet be discovered in you, predicted by your colored felt-pen drawings as a child." What's different here is that the fiction provides a situational frame for the babble; the specific context sharpens the effect of the confusion. Since the nonsensical speech has a different meaning for the genius than it does for the director, we can consider its complexities through its diverse effects.

> Like Beckett, Barthelme took advantage of what he dubbed the "combinatorial agility of words."

"I prefer the inane," reports Henrietta in "Henrietta and Alexandra," a story published in 1971 (the same year "Flying to America" appeared in *The New Yorker*). Henrietta goes on to explain: "The *ane* is often inutile to the artist." It's the *ane* that Barthelme calls into question in his strongest stories. The *ane*—with its certainties, its direct connection between words and meanings, its assumption that we can express truth through language—proves less than helpful to many of Barthelme's characters. Henrietta tries to explain what has been lacking from her education: "I knew what I was because I had been told," she said, "but I had not been told that I was going to die…and that it would all be over, then, and that this was all there was and that I had damned well better make the most of it."

The unknowable, the inexpressible, death, time, God and everything else beyond the scope of human consciousness—these were the targets for Barthelme's Modernist predecessors. In many of his own stories written in the late '50s and early '60s, Barthelme strains against the confines of grammar in an effort to speak the unspeakable. When he makes confusion integral to specific characters, instead of treating them as vessels of confusion, as in "Bone Bubbles," the stories have more punch. In the last story included in the collection, the marvelous "Tickets"—published in 1989, the year of Barthelme's death—the narrator imagines assembling a group of friends and relatives and strangers, a symphony of individuals who will do nothing but shout, "Let's go!" in imitation of workers at the car wash. The direction being suggested by "Let's go" may not be clear, but as long as it's shouted with gusto, that's enough for this narrator—it's exciting just to put old words in a witty new context, even if the point is obscure to the characters.

Directly or indirectly, in all his fiction Barthelme expresses a preference for the territory of the inane. What occupies this territory, or what he offers as most interesting about it, changes over time. He never tired of mixing up art and politics and American pop culture in improbable combinations (a good example is in "Perpetua," when the "Elks Honor Guard" celebrates a cathedral's dedication with M-16s "sent back in pieces from Nam"). But since the references are determinately topical, they tend to mirror the decade in which the story was written. Some of the stories have a dusty quality because of this. In the early "Hiding Man," for instance, the narrator considers the possibility that a stranger is simply what he pretends to be, a "well-dressed Negro with dark glasses in closed theater. But where then is the wienie?" Though racism seems to be under scrutiny here, Barthelme goes on to clutter the story with silly titles of horror films, absurd news items, concerns about Mars bars and Thunderbirds, and it's hard to tell where the focus is.

In its most effective form, a Barthelme story conveys the author's enthusiasm for engaging in difficult verbal challenges. Even if the unspeakable will never be spoken, even if we can't decipher the meaning of nonsense or the answer to a riddle, we learn something about the impact of the inane by paying attention to the diverse symphonies of voices, to the clamor of life and to all the spirited individuals who are shouting, "Let's go!"

In an essay reprinted in *Not-Knowing*, Barthelme writes that though the sentences in his story "Paraguay" may not be verifiably beautiful, they made him happy to write them. If he was happy writing the story, then the reader should be happy reading it. There's a reason it's risky for an author to go on record defending his work—it can make the work seem an insufficient advocate for itself. But while his defensiveness is off-putting in this short essay, he includes a helpful description of his technique: "Mixing bits of this and that from various areas of life to make something that did not exist before is an oddly hopeful endeavor."

Mixing bits of this and that—Barthelme attempted to refine this process through the course of his life, not in order to make something beautiful but to make something new. The aim expressed here is repeated and elaborated elsewhere in his essays and interviews. Barthelme has some harsh words for writers who make their work too clear (he is relentless in his mockery of Graham Greene). In contrast, the writers he celebrates—Beckett, E.M. Cioran, John Hawkes—are those who put words together in unexpected ways, who generate new meaning by taking advantage of "the combinatorial agility of words." In other words, the best way to know the world is to think about how we think about it. In the title essay of *Not-Knowing*, he argues that "art is always a meditation upon external reality rather than a representation of external reality" and imaginative writing in particular should pursue "the as-yet unspeakable, the as-yet unspoken."

Barthelme's stories ask some of the same questions that Beckett's narrator asks in the opening of *The Unnamable*: "Where now? Who now? When now?" The problem of the now was of particular concern to Barthelme. Even if we can't ever satisfactorily describe "the as-yet unspoken," we can say something about life, through art, by reassembling chaotic experience in chaotic new ways.

Whether art is defined as a representation of or response to reality, it demands an intense engagement with things we haven't managed to understand fully. For Barthelme, the crowded here-and-now provides the material for this engagement. Mix things up, make something new with the detritus of culture, and the ineffable can be pondered, if not clearly defined. He made this point in a panel discussion in 1975 (an abbreviated transcript is included in *Not-Knowing*) when he said, "I would suggest…that there is a realm of possible knowledge which can be reached by artists, which is not susceptible of mathematical verification but which is true."

William Gass, on the same panel, objected to this argument. It's not the ineffable he's interested in, he said. "I want to find out what it is that is known and whether I should believe it and on what grounds." His comment is an important reminder that

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the mystification of the ineffable can be a way to avoid really confounding problems. Readers might find with some of his stories that Barthelme's method of approaching confusion is, well… too confusing. And his most typical stories might begin to seem too typical. There are times when he seems tired of his own basic recipe and ends up borrowing from himself. And because it's an easy recipe, at least in theory, it is easily available for other writers to borrow.

Yet Barthelme persistently changed the ingredients of his fiction. This is the key that keeps the work relevant. He mixed new elements in imaginative ways, to different effects, while deliberately avoiding answers and prescriptions. As one of his characters declares as he marches in a picket line—it's important to subject "this state of affairs to a radical questioning." At their best, the stories in *Flying to America* clearly prove that there's something worth investigating within all the confusing clutter of experience. ■

Man Out of Time

by MARK SORKIN

Hari Kunzru's third novel, *My Revolutions*, opens with a sly sendup of boomer bliss. Michael Frame, ensconced in a country cottage in Sussex with patchwork cushions on the chairs and a BMW in the garage, is approaching his fiftieth birthday. He doesn't care to celebrate, but his partner, Miranda, insists on a lavish catered event. Michael, who narrates the scene in understated monotone, feels as if it's lifted from "one of those early-evening dramas where well-heeled suburbanites experience a little formulaic frisson." It's a show he'd prefer to skip. Trouble is, he can't change the channel.

How far they've come since the '60s. Miranda, a former flower girl turned entrepreneur, used to chef up homemade shampoo on the stove; now she owns a mass-produced line of organic beauty products called Bountessence. "In the last few years everyone around us has become very excited by money," Michael explains, and Miranda's ambition "has led her to it, like an ant following a pheromone trail." Michael is no stranger to compromise, either. Though he spent his late teens canvassing neighbors about the horrors of nuclear war and later dropped out of the London School of Economics to protest the British involvement in Vietnam, now he bides his time leafing through dusty volumes in the antiquarian bookshop where he works. His most vocal campaign amounts to offhand swipes at the "golf-club Fascists" in Miranda's professional circle.

Michael rationalizes his disengagement as a sign of the times. "Unless you're in Bosnia, the most pressing issue of the nineties appears to be interior design," he admits in a typically sardonic aside. But he's got a better, secret reason for lying low: he can't afford to take a public stance on anything for fear of being discovered as Chris Carver, a former member of the revolutionary August 14th Group who is wanted for a spate of Vietnam-era bombings around London. All those years in hiding have "hollowed out" his sense of self. But he can't, or won't, reclaim it. The thought of coming clean to Miranda—not to mention facing the possibility of prison time—fills him with dread. He's trapped in the unending performance of bourgeois complacency, precisely the condition he revolted against so violently as a young man.

BEN MURPHY

Hari Kunzru

My Revolutions
By Hari Kunzru.
Dutton. 280 pp. $25.95.

From this ironic conceit Kunzru builds a tense, propulsive narrative in which Chris is dredged up after half a lifetime underground. His long-deferred reckoning comes by way of Miles Bridgeman, an old friend who tracks him down in his suburban redoubt. Miles, too, has long since traded in his ideals—although his may have been salable all along. From the moment they met—in a holding cell following the 1968 riot at the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square—Miles had struck Chris as too polished and suspiciously inquisitive. The police had beaten Chris purple and frog-marched him to jail. Miles, a self-proclaimed Debordian filmmaker, struts into the cell, his expensive boots barely scuffed. He cocks a half-smile and immediately sets on Chris, presuming collusion and sniffing out his affiliations. "To my surprise, he reached forward and touched my bruised cheek with his fingers," Chris remembers. When Miles resurfaces decades later with his selfsame "predatory grin," it's because he can make political hay from outing his former cellmate. Cornering Chris, Miles demands that he come forward and declare his responsibility for the 1971 bombing of the Post Office Tower, a London landmark, and announce that Pat Ellis, a liberal government minister running for Home Secretary, took part in the planning. Ellis had no foreknowledge of the attack, but the news of her distant, long-forgotten association with the August 14th Group would be injurious to her campaign—and beneficial to Miles's client, a rival candidate. "It's just politics, Chris," Miles explains. "Real, grown-up politics, not the kind that starts by carving out a Utopia and then hammering at the world, trying to make it fit."

Looking back, Chris can't recall why he confided in Miles so readily. The reader, too, strains to suspend disbelief: why would Chris, who at the time was immersed in a paranoid milieu and subjected to rigorous bouts of criticism/self-criticism from even his closest comrades, hand his secrets to a man he didn't trust? Miles may be a fully fleshed character with plausible tics and motivations, but his role in the plot is noticeably utilitarian. That he has such a pivotal role underscores that Kunzru is less concerned with extending Modernist investigations of consciousness than with reinventing the nineteenth-century machines that conveyed protagonists through grinding moral dilemmas. In a story in which an aging '60s radical finally comes to terms with the folly of his youthful crusade, who better than a pragmatic incrementalist to play the foil?

The son of an English mother and an Indian father, Kunzru, 39, was raised in the London suburbs and educated at Oxford University. His debut novel, *The Impressionist* (2002), a postmodern mash-up of Kipling and Conrad, earned heaps of critical praise and put him in the company of an emerging Brat Pack of postcolonial writers including Zadie Smith, Jhumpa Lahiri and Arundhati Roy. The book traces the education of Pran Nath, bastard son of a British officer and a high-caste Indian woman, who is disowned after word spreads that he is not the true heir to

his father's fortune. Pran Nath's wanderings take him to Bombay, where he is "hired" as an errand boy by a British pedophile and later adopted by missionaries, and on to the motherland, where he assumes the identity of a white anthropology student named Jonathan Bridgeman (Miles's great-uncle?). Like Chris Carver, Pran Nath is a hollowed-out soul who reinvents himself to survive; he is a sort of cipher who adopts a new persona at every turn in this picaresque novel. The story thus becomes a kabuki about racial performance, an extended parable with a dark heart at its core. In the final section, Jonathan rides upriver in Africa with a team of ethnographers, taking notes on a little-known indigenous tribe. The onetime subject of the British Empire, now properly "civilized," is helping to colonize a savage land.

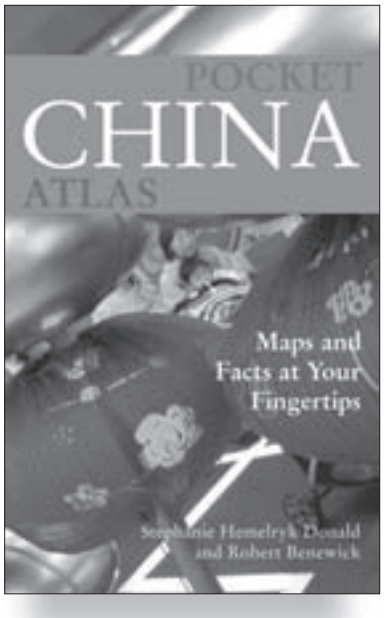
Kunzru made a splash when papers reported that he had received a $1.5 million advance for *The Impressionist*, and he made a bigger splash when he turned down the £5,000 John Llewellyn Rhys Prize, sponsored by the conservative *Mail on Sunday* and awarded to the year's best work of literature by a British or Commonwealth author under 35. The rejection wasn't merely a publicity stunt. Rather, it was an early signal that, for all the pomp and commercialism surrounding his debut, Kunzru takes his writing, and his ideas about corruption, seriously. Pran Nath may have been content to rub elbows with colonial overlords, but Kunzru wasn't willing to accept cash from a paper whose racial politics he considers odious. "Along with its sister paper the *Daily Mail*, the *Mail on Sunday* has consistently pursued an editorial policy of vilifying and demonizing refugees and asylum-seekers," Kunzru wrote in a statement explaining his refusal. "The atmosphere of prejudice it fosters translates into violence and I have no wish to profit from it."

His follow-up, the Internet-era *Transmission* (2004), introduced another relatively unformed Easterner to the jaded confines of the West: geeky Indian programmer Arjun Mehta comes to Silicon Valley, where he lands a gig and meets a cyberpunk who falls for his fresh-off-the-boat cuteness. Soon after he gets laid, though, he gets laid off. And in a frantic bid to win back his job and his girlfriend, he launches a computer virus on the office server, hoping to swoop in and save the day with a quick fix. Instead, the virus rapidly infects the global economy.

The bug wreaks havoc on Guy Swift, the swollen head of a start-up called Tomorrow, who's working on a make-or-break account. Coked up at a posh restaurant in Brussels, stranded and frantic without his files thanks to Arjun's bumbling, Guy pitches his prospective clients on a hokey project to rebrand the entire continent. "We have to promote Europe as somewhere you want to go, but somewhere that's not for everyone," he chirps. "A continent that wants people, but only the best.... Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Club Europa—the world's VIP room." Kunzru, who worked at *Wired UK* during the dot-com bonanza, clearly had the inside line on the messianic delusions of the new economy; his depiction of Guy in free-fall is deliciously cruel. But the cruelty he aims at hapless Arjun isn't so funny. As soon as Arjun is identified as the perpetrator, he is portrayed in news reports as an international terrorist, possibly a Muslim fundamentalist. Friendless and on the lam, he worries that if caught, he will wind up "joining the ranks of the disappeared, the kneeling figures in the orange suits against whom anything was justified." Arjun eludes capture and, in the end, gets the girl; *Transmission* is a farce, after all. But the book's animating joke—that this apparent jihadist is actually a gangly nerd who thinks his life should follow a Bollywood fantasy—landed on the shelves in the immediate wake of the Abu Ghraib scandal like a high-minded slap in the face.

My Revolutions is something of a farce too—its plot hinges on a terrorist facing down a midlife crisis—but it's also Kunzru's least showy and most mature novel to date. His humane portrayal of Chris Carver—who is, of course, far savvier than Arjun and less malleable than Pran Nath—further subverts popular, paper-thin portrayals of terrorists as foreign and unknowable and mad, and allows Kunzru to probe deeper into the contradictions of identity (fixed yet protean), ideals (corrupting and corruptible) and empire (vulnerable yet resilient). Kunzru's exploration of the impulses that pushed various factions of the Vietnam generation toward spectacular violence is insightful and unsentimental, and guided by puzzlement and fascination. What compelled a group of young, well-educated radicals to violate the boundary separating civil disobedience and renegade action? What made them think they constituted a revolutionary vanguard, and how did they cope when it became clear that no one had followed them across the line? These are good questions for a novelist to ask. And as recent titles like Neil Gordon's *The Company You Keep* (2003) and Dana Spiotta's *Eat the Document* (2006) have shown, there is high drama to be found in them. *My Revolutions*, inspired in part by the exploits of the Angry Brigade—a British libertarian socialist network that carried out a campaign of property bombings in

On China



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the early 1970s—joins this small shelf as a worthy transatlantic counterpart. The premise is perhaps too readily summed up as a précis for a Hollywood script, as even Michael Frame would agree. But the tidy structure plays to Kunzru's strengths as a social satirist and opens the space for a riveting dramatization of political blowback.

What is most captivating about this novel, though, is not the suspense that comes from watching the clock run out on Michael Frame in the late '90s but Kunzru's impassioned account of the London underground scene at the height of anti-Vietnam fervor. An agile writer with a cinematic approach to plot, Kunzru expertly sews a series of flashbacks into Michael's present-tense predicament, casting back to a heady time when taking one's dreams for reality was equal parts child's play and bullhorn command. Floral skirts and dirty bare feet, acid trips and communiqués laced with Marxist rhetoric, casual sex in communal squats, rooftop teach-ins featuring heroic dispatches from the Paris riots, a procession of increasingly confrontational run-ins with the state: all the trappings are there, familiar yet fresh. A lesser writer working with such material could easily wind up with a patchwork of New Left clichés and mushy psychedelia—an earnest Austin Powers. But Kunzru pulls it off. In *My Revolutions* the feeling of urgency and disorientation, the sense that another world is not only possible but in the offing, is at once alluring and toxic.

Much like Anna Addison, the elusive object of Chris's affection. Despite his devotion to the revolutionary cause, Chris is privately ambivalent about the efficacy of agitating for change. Anna has no such doubts, a quality Chris finds compelling and admirable. Here are his thoughts upon seeing her for the first time, at the 1968 march on the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square:

> There was something both reckless and self-possessed about her, about her loping run, the clean overarm action she used to throw the stone; as I watched it arc through the sky, I felt both aroused and ashamed, aroused by the casual beauty of her act and ashamed of myself, for so far that afternoon all I'd done was push and shove and jog around confusedly, trying not to get arrested. She had the clarity I lacked. It had become a fight, so she was fighting back.

As he gets to know her, Chris's attraction to Anna commingles with his desire to coax his militant ideas into action. "Going all the way" takes on a rather different meaning in this context. Thus when Chris runs into Anna at a swanky party, their chitchat escalates toward antibourgeois bile and crackles with sexual tension. "Look at them, Chris," she says. "They're blind. They're happy to ignore everything around them, just pleased to be having a good time. And, as far as I'm concerned, that makes them culpable. It makes them complicit in everything they're ignoring." Soon Anna and Chris are shoving guests and shattering glasses of wine. Moments later, perspiring on a subway platform, they're making out.

Such is their courtship dance: Anna leads, and Chris follows half a step behind. When Chris tags as "adventurist" a plan to loot a grocery store and redistribute staples to the poor, Anna derides him as a theorist (ouch!). "She'd hit on my weak spot, my secret fear," Chris remembers. "I don't really know if Anna convinced me or just wore me down, but a few days later I found myself climbing into the back of Sean's van." Soon Chris is the one fashioning bombs and warning others in the gang against "fetishizing nonviolence," sure of the purity of his motives. Mao's chestnut "In order to get rid of the gun, it is necessary to take up the gun" becomes a mantra for him, and when Anna links up with a shadowy international network (one part PFLP, one part Baader-Meinhof) that's venturing into assassinations, against his better judgment, Chris hops on board too.

The story of radicalization can be told as a coming-of-age or as a fall from grace, depending on the author's sensibility. Philip Roth famously chose the latter in *American Pastoral*, a devastating reflection on the '60s in which an all-American father must cope with the fallout after his daughter goes on a Weatherman-like spree that leaves four bodies in its wake. Roth, primarily concerned with Swede Levov's descent into the "American berserk," heightened the tragedy by portraying the Swede as a middle-class paragon and his daughter, Merry, as a grotesque monster. With the symbolic stakes raised to such a level, Roth's indelible depiction of Merry's pathology becomes an indictment of a culture. Roth doesn't grant Merry a tortured conscience; he merely drops her down in a putrid Newark hovel, further deranged. Dana Spiotta's *Eat the Document*—whose plot is quite similar to that of *My Revolutions*, though with a sustained focus on the parallels between anti-Vietnam insurrection and the antiglobalization wave of the late '90s—features a much more sympathetic woman on the run. Like Kunzru's Chris, Spiotta's Mary follows a lover past the brink and then flees to escape prison; and like Chris's journey toward midlife, hers is filled with guilt and regret and stoic resolve, with brief eruptions of joy. After they cross

the line, Chris and Mary must leave everything behind, including the heedlessness and callous certainty of youth.

If *My Revolutions* is a politically charged *Bildungsroman*, it is also, I think, an implicit call for solidarity. Kunzru has dedicated the book "to all at 34," a reference to the tenants and storekeepers in Hackney, the East End neighborhood where the author lives. In December 2005, after the local council decided unilaterally to sell much of Hackney's commercial property to developers, residents moved into Francesca's, at No. 34 Broadway Market, which had been slated for demolition. Kunzru, who joined the campaign against the district's forced gentrification, covered the standoff in a series of unabashedly engaged dispatches for the *Guardian*. As protests go, this one wasn't exactly earth-moving. But perhaps that's the point. The people who faced down the battering rams at 34 stood together to the end, and they didn't batter back. That is a small lesson, but it applies on a global scale. ■

Spots, Smudges and Glitter

by BARRY SCHWABSKY

"Painting as we know it," Alberto Giacometti lamented in 1962, near the end of his life, "has no future in our civilization.... There will always be people who would like to have a picturesque landscape, or a nude, or a bouquet of flowers hanging on the wall," he went on, "but what we call great painting is finished." Giacometti's pessimism aside, it's worth noticing his dismissive citation of those humble, nearly contentless genres that seem to exist for no other reason than to proffer an ordinary pleasure; evidently, landscapes and still lifes represent the abjection of painting. Today, when indifference to Modernist notions of artistic progress has become common, for painting to enact its own abjection by dwelling on the banal or trivial has become an almost self-evident strategy; this must have seemed a much stranger thing to do back in the '50s, when Abstract Expressionism was at its pinnacle and reaching for the sublime was second nature for an ambitious painter.

Yet that's exactly what a number of talented and sometimes ambitious painters in New York began to do at the start of that decade—artists of whom the senior figure, Fairfield Porter, who died in 1975, remains the best known but among whose ranks were several still active today. These include Jane Freilicher, who recently showed new paintings at New York City's Tibor de Nagy Gallery, where she first exhibited in 1952. Freilicher had been a student of Hans Hoffmann, who spread the gospel of abstraction in America and whose teach-

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Jane Freilicher's *Man in the Red Cap*, 2006

Barry Schwabsky, an American art critic and poet living in London, is co-editor of the international review section of Artforum. *His most recent book is* Vitamin P: New Perspectives in Painting. *His new collection of poems will be published this year by Black Square Editions.*

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In Memoriam

Hans Koning
writer
1921 - 2007

Exegi monumentum
aere perennius.

From his family

ings inspired its foremost critical proponent, Clement Greenberg. No provincial, Freilicher was taking a calculated risk: to find a way to paint that could be, as Porter wrote of that first show in 1952, both traditional and radical.

That's more easily said than done, of course. Today, one might say that Freilicher turned out to be neither traditional nor radical, but eccentric. Not that she is indifferent to tradition, as she makes perfectly clear with a painting like *Man in the Red Cap* (2006), in which the still life includes a postcard of a Titian portrait in the Frick Collection. What Freilicher's use of the citation shows is mainly that she has no more intention of entering into direct competition with "what we call great painting" than of trying to criticize or outdo or even simply emulate the cut flowers in the vases and jars around the postcard. Nothing could be further from, say, the agon of Picasso's repeated confrontations with Velázquez; there is no anxiety of influence. The flowers won't last much longer, and perhaps neither will the tradition of which Titian is a primary exemplar. Yet in transcribing their lineaments Freilicher shows little urgency; she seems to view their evanescence with complete composure. Ultimately, her only concern is with what occupies the painting's lower-right corner, namely her own working materials, those brushes that sprout from the coffee can like a sort of austere bouquet and the paint tubes that have deposited their inevitable spots and smudges around her signature, as if to say that her role is simply to draw attention to these otherwise random traces of shimmering and elusive color.

Despite the faux-naïf awkwardness that affects Freilicher's sense of composition, which could almost fool you into thinking she is just an unusually talented Sunday painter, and the immense refinement and tenderness and considered variousness of her touch, at the heart of her work there is also a redoubtable professionalism, a sphinxlike sang-froid. She has often been called a painter's painter, and the reason is that, more than most, her paintings are about nothing but her feeling for the activity of painting—above all, the dichotomy between the visual and the haptic, between the contemplative activity of looking and the manual activity of manipulating materials. Thus, although many of her paintings are pure still life or pure landscape, her best and most characteristic works are still lifes in front of landscapes—a fairly uncommon mixing of genres, otherwise pursued most assiduously by the remarkable but little-known early twentieth-century Italian painter Filippo de Pisis. The title of the best of Freilicher's recent paintings sums it up: *Still Life and Beyond* (2007). There is the realm of the immediately at-hand, what can be seen and touched: some flowers and the jars and flowerpot that hold them, and a little Venus de Milo statuette, all perched on a windowsill, the leaves of the potted plant spilling over the edge as if into the viewer's space, feigning an even closer contact than usual for Freilicher, who usually keeps her pictures more contained. Then there is the world beyond: the buildings of Manhattan, atmospherically rendered as so many indistinct rectangles, and beyond them the sky—a reality that can be seen but not touched. Things are either very near or very distant; there is no middle ground, nothing to connect them—nothing except the technique through which they are rendered, in which touch and vision become strangely entangled.

There are many parallels between Freilicher and the English painter Rodrigo Moynihan (1910–90), whose paintings were recently at the Robert Miller Gallery in New York City, though the look of their work could hardly be more different. Moynihan is a descriptive realist concerned more with the physical "thereness" of the things he paints than of the paint itself. The same viewer who could mistake Freilicher for naïve would see Moynihan as an academic. But like Freilicher, he expressed his art through still life, and like her art, his is clearly a representational painting that comes in every way "after" abstraction. In the '30s he was one of England's few abstract painters, making very painterly gestural works with restrained color, which would surely have been an influence on the New York Abstract Expressionists of the following decade, had they only been aware of him. And like Freilicher, he is associated with John Ashbery, because Moynihan; his wife, painter Anne Dunn; and Sonia Orwell edited with Ashbery one of the important "little magazines" of the '60s, *Art and Literature*.

Moynihan was an extraordinarily changeable artist. Having made a mark with his first efforts as an abstractionist, he had allied himself by the end of the '30s with the stylistically conservative but socially progressive realism of the Euston Road School; by the mid-'50s he was painting abstractly again. In the early '70s, another volte-face: back to representation. He was in demand as a portraitist—his *Margaret Hilda Thatcher (née Roberts), Baroness Thatcher* (1985) hangs in the National Portrait Gallery—but the most striking

works of his later career were still lifes like those featured at Robert Miller. Given their severe construction, one is hardly surprised to learn that the artist had once painted abstractly; what is surprising is that he seems never to have practiced hard-edged geometrical abstraction. Some of the strongest paintings were in tondo or oval formats rather than the standard rectangle, and these bring out Moynihan's formalism most clearly. *Roman Head, Bottles and Paint Tubes* (1981–82), is a horizontally oriented oval that's divided in half horizontally by the wooden shelf that holds the still life objects, while its lower half is divided in half vertically by the strut that supports the shelf. As quiet and balanced as the painting is, and as reticent as its pale, muted palette makes it seem, there is a deep tension between the rectilinearity of these strong dividing lines—not unlike the horizontal and vertical bands of a Mondrian—and the curves of the canvas's edge, as well as of the stone head that blankly eyes the viewer from its center.

A couple of generations younger than Moynihan or Freilicher, Karen Kilimnik likewise pursues an arguably anachronistic form of representational painting. But there are two big differences between her and Moynihan and Freilicher. One is that Kilimnik, far from working at an eccentric tangent to the mainstream art of her time, has had an enormous influence on it; she has been seen as a pioneer of a new romanticism. The other is that while her two predecessors at least sustained one of the fundamentals of the great tradition of European painting from the Renaissance through Cézanne, namely the representation of perceptible reality, Kilimnik's art leaves all that behind, not for abstraction but for a realm of fantasy, the public emblems of private yearnings: landscapes and flowers are replaced by models and movie stars. Kilimnik shows how prophetic Giacometti really was. There would be no more great painting, he predicted, but "what we call 'bad painting'—that has a future." In recognizing that toy soldiers might be more interesting than most modern sculpture, he unwittingly predicted the present, in which Kilimnik's "bad painting," poignant and reckless, really does have a future.

Since the end of the '80s, the material of Kilimnik's art has been a hopeless identification with figures like Kate Moss, the Romanovs and Marie Antoinette; a fan's obsessive fascination with TV series and movies like *Heathers* and magazines like *Vogue*; and an adoration of the sentimental paintings of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Jean-Baptiste Greuze, and of subjects like horses, cats, dogs and ballerinas. Sounding more like a profile subject in a teen magazine than an artist impressed with the due gravity of a retrospective, Kilimnik explained to Ingrid Schaffner, the curator of her 2007 exhibition at the ICA in Philadelphia (now at the MCA Chicago, through June 8), "I love ghost stories, Agatha Christie mysteries, Edgar Allan Poe, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones…and I have always wanted to be a fashion designer."

This isn't what it sounds like: a new twist on Pop Art. After all, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and their contemporaries crossed the imagery of mass marketing with the blunt formal reductions of abstract art to create an art that was big, bold, cool, crisp and seemingly impersonal; they parodied Modernism by jettisoning its intransigently utopian content while maintaining its equally intransigent formal values. The same is true for much of the other art that's been called postmodern, but from the beginning Kilimnik's was different, returning to the romantic emphasis on subjectivity and yearning—yet relocating subjectivity in the effects of the media. Far from Pop's cool, Kilimnik discomfits by being almost embarrassingly sincere, even down to the

The March

There were two or three stragglers who couldn't keep up with the rest. I said to the captain, "What should we do about the stragglers?" He said, "Shoot them. Stragglers are often captured by the enemy and tortured until they reveal our whereabouts. It is best to not leave them behind." I went back to the stragglers and told them that my orders were to shoot them. They started running to catch up with the rest. Then a sniper was shot out of a tree. "Good work," said the captain. Then we climbed a mountain. Once we were on top, the captain said, "I'll give a hundred dollars to anyone who can spot the enemy." Nobody could. "We'll spend the night here," the captain said. I was appointed first lookout. I smoked a cigarette and looked into the forest below through my night-vision glasses. Something moved, but it was hard to tell what it was. There was a lot of movement, but it didn't seem like men, more like animals. I soon fell asleep. When Juarez tapped me on the shoulder to tell me he would take over, he said, "You were asleep, weren't you?" I stared at him with pleading eyes. "The captain would have you shot, you know?" I didn't say anything. The next morning Juarez was missing. "Captain, do you want me to send out a search party?" I said. "No, I always suspected he was with the enemy," he said. "Today, we will descend the mountain." "Yes, sir, captain," I said. The men tumbled and rolled, bounced up against trees and boulders. Some of them broke their arms and noses. I was standing next to the captain at the bottom of the mountain. "Shoot them all!" he ordered. "But, captain, they're our men," I said. "No they're not. My men were well-trained and disciplined. Look at this mess here. They are not my men. Shoot them!" he again ordered. I raised my rifle, then turned and smacked him in the head with the butt of it. Then I knelt and handcuffed him. The soldiers gathered about me and we headed for home. Of course, none of us knew where that was, but we had our dreams and our memories. Or I think we did.

JAMES TATE

smallest detail, like the nearly unnoticeable dabs of glitter that appear on the walls among the paintings she recently showed at New York City's 303 Gallery. In these paintings of skies, seas and mountains, Kilimnik seemed to have cast aside the whimsical and apparently jejune subject matter with which she has long concerned herself. Had she taken up abstraction, and indeed the monochrome? One might have thought so, seeing the blue, black and white tondi in the gallery's first room. But not so fast—their titles indicate that they are anything *but* abstractions: the black one, for instance, is *coal fog over london, nighttime, 1804*. This is not abstraction, but no more is it representation in the traditional sense. Here, language and concrete visual sensation intertwine to evoke nostalgia for what's never been experienced.

Painter Amy Sillman puts it well: "Neither representations nor simulacra, these figures are displacements, emptied presences that allow something else to pour out: grief, ruins, memories, stories from old worlds…." She's talking about the paintings of Ellen Berkenblit but could just as easily be writing about Kilimnik. Berkenblit is not among the artists who've been influenced by Kilimnik, but her reception by the contemporary art world probably has been. She was a regular on the East Village scene of the mid-'80s, but after 1986 she stopped exhibiting for a time, re-emerging in 1992, when Kilimnik had already begun to clear the way for the acceptance of a new or hitherto overlooked kind of casually subjective, non-Expressionistic, post-Pop, image-based painting. Berkenblit's paintings have long featured the same wide-eyed woman in profile. At the Anton Kern Gallery in New York, she recently showed nine large black-and-white paintings, all dominated by just the head of her cartoony protagonist; at first glance it seemed impossible to see anything but this one relentlessly reiterated countenance, so blandly incommunicative. After a few minutes in the gallery, though, the face had practically disappeared, serving as little more than the empty focal point around which swirled storms of abstract brushwork interspersed with stars, flowers and other decorative motifs. The titles of the paintings underlined their abstractness; *Horses on a Hill* (2008) has no horses in it, and *Heart Shaped* (2007) depicts no heart. These paintings are about the gorgeousness of black paint but also about something harder to put your finger on: something like the troubled atmosphere around a self that's somehow both inescapable and depleted. ■

TSAI CHENG-TAI

The title character soars over Paris in Hou Hsiao-hsien's *Flight of the Red Balloon*, 2007.

Un Ballon Est un Ballon

by STUART KLAWANS

Of the main figures in Hou Hsiao-hsien's *Flight of the Red Balloon*—a single mother in Paris, her 7-year-old son, the young Chinese woman who works as the boy's nanny—I suspect it's the title character with whom Hou identifies. In memory of Albert Lamorisse's *The Red Balloon*, Hou has set loose one of his own in the city; and the toy's way of weaving in and around the story seems much like the movement of his attention, as it bobs inquisitively close to people or wafts out of their reach, descends toward the paving stones or rises high over the roofs.

Granted, there are differences between the floater and the filmmaker. Although the red balloon that starred in the Lamorisse film is famously native to Paris, Hou is a stranger here, having built his great career almost entirely in Taiwan. If not for the suggestion (or whim) of a French producer, he might never have made the movie, which has him working in a European location for the first time. But perhaps for that reason, Hou the outsider has adopted a teasing, playful, deliberately ungrounded viewpoint in *Flight of the Red Balloon*. He comes and goes so freely that you may be surprised, near the end, to realize how deeply he's drawn you into a down-to-earth story. A woman has stood up for herself and is stronger for it, if also a bit lonelier and a little more disillusioned.

For narrative purposes, this woman has been called Suzanne; but she's really Juliette Binoche, who has turned herself into a shaggy blonde for the occasion and dressed in a disarray of bosom-exposing sweaters. From this get-up, you may read the hectic daily improvisation of Suzanne's life, as well as her sexual self-assertion in the face of mounting challenges: abandonment, middle age, a habit of snacking at all hours. Suzanne's supposed partner, the father of little Simon (Simon Iteanu), is never seen, having run off to Montreal to write a book on a suspiciously prolonged deadline. Her previous lover has vanished entirely, leaving nothing behind except a teenage daughter, who lives in Brussels and is absent for most of the year. Suzanne's life has become an anxious round of rushing to and from work, caring as best she can for Simon, fighting with the deadbeat tenants downstairs (who maddeningly pretend to be her friends) and muttering furiously about the condition of her apartment. Imagine a tunnel-like storage closet fitted with two rickety lofts where you can sleep, or break your neck trying.

Change the language, and you've got a situation Hou could have dramatized in Taipei, where he probably would have tucked his characters just as snugly into their unglamorous quarters. You might call his movies preinhabited; he often says that he can't begin filming them until he knows the precise location of each room and piece of furniture in his setting, along with the exact routine of the people using the space. Just so, even though Suzanne and Simon reside in Paris, you feel they must have lived for years in this fictitious apartment before Hou showed up with his camera. The poster tacked on the front door has the look of a decoration that long ago became invisible. The old wooden table,

used for meals and work alike, is flanked by three matching chairs, plus an odd fourth that settled in years ago with its own mute history. I'd guess about a third of the film passes inside this neo-Taiwanese residence, where Hou never yields to the allure of the movies' mythical Paris except to stage infrequent visits from the red balloon. It hovers over the skylight of Simon's sleeping loft or drifts, unseen, past the courtyard window.

Why is it there? I suppose there are three answers, the most sensible of which is also the least satisfying.

A rationalist would interpret the red balloon as the fantasy of a lonely kid, suggested to him by his new nanny. She is a film student from Beijing named Song Fang (played by Song Fang, a real film student from Beijing); and like a low-tech young female version of Hou, she is shooting a project based on the Lamorisse movie. As she goes around Paris, Song seeks out surviving traces of *The Red Balloon* and explains them to Simon, who hadn't known the story. So when you see the red balloon trail Simon through the city and keep him company from a distance, you might be looking at the boy's imaginative projection. The problem with this interpretation is that Simon is a quiet and adaptable child—rather too quiet and adaptable to make a good movie character—who doesn't seem to need a fantasy object, so long as he has his pinball machines and video games. I'd say the red balloon is fascinated with him, rather than the other way around.

A better explanation of the balloon might come from the great world of film financing. *Flight of the Red Balloon* was initiated by the Musée d'Orsay, which chose to celebrate its twentieth anniversary by offering production deals to four directors with impeccably profit-free credentials: Hou, Olivier Assayas, Raoul Ruiz and Jim Jarmusch. The only condition was that at least one scene in each film had to be shot in the Orsay. Hou could have invented any story he liked and then run his characters, just once, through the galleries; but having a mind too elegant for pretense, he searched instead for something that would make the museum seem like a point of origin rather than an excuse. He found it in Félix Vallotton's painting *Le Ballon*: an image of a solitary child in a park, chasing a red ball. When Hou at last brings Simon together with this picture, late in the film, you feel you've witnessed a happy secret being shared, as the boy looks at the red balloon fixed in the painting and then glances up at the skylight to see it floating simultaneously over the Orsay. As if playing a serenely refined game, Hou transforms constraint into freedom—which feels more to the point than any plotbound interpretation.

But that's not exactly right, either; and so for the third explanation I come back to Suzanne, who neither sees the red balloon nor thinks about it.

She's kept busy instead fighting off a swarm of cares; but outside the trap of her apartment, Suzanne is far from hopeless, thanks to her work. A scholar-practitioner of puppeteering who especially loves her art's Chinese traditions, she is currently in rehearsals for a French-language version of a Yuan dynasty play, in which she performs all the voices. For Binoche, this is an opportunity to show off a very impressive new virtuosity in Chinese-style vocal acrobatics—warbling, crooning, sighing, caterwauling—as she acts out the legend of a love even deeper and more enduring than the ocean.

You have the stylization of Binoche's puppet voices versus her fiercely naturalistic portrayal of Suzanne; the great romantic trials of her play's characters versus the daily frustrations of her life. Transpose these oppositions to another key, and you've got the magic of the red balloon (elusive visitor from the world of art) versus the mundane realities of the present-day city. The glory of *Flight of the Red Balloon* is that it contrasts these two experiences but is too wise to separate them. After all, Suzanne herself plays with toys.

If you've seen Hou's *The Puppetmaster*—for my money, as good a movie as has ever been made—you will know that he can combine a moving, closely observed story with amused commentary and the artifice of playacting, in scenes that develop so unaffectedly that they seem neither more nor less goal-oriented than breathing. So, although *Flight of the Red Balloon* is a little tricky to explain, what you need to know about it is simple. The season is early autumn, when school has begun and people wear jackets but the trees are still in leaf. Windows everywhere reflect passers-by back at themselves and complicate the view of the city, while the sunlight, though soft, casts a crisp shadow on the pavement from a passing balloon. With his thoroughly untouristic sensibility, Hou

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is more likely to show you railroad tracks than landmarks when he ventures out of Suzanne's apartment. But there's Notre Dame, off in the distance; and here for the finale is a splendid view of the Sacré-Coeur.

And then there's Paris as the French imagine it. Writer-director Christophe Honoré, who is not yet 40, has lately been busy trying to reconcile the bourgeois-bohemian Paris he knows with the Paris he's seen in New Wave films. Merely to describe the project is to hint at unevenness and posturing, but also ambition and (if lucky) a sense of renewal. Welcome to *Les Chansons d'amour* (Love Songs), Honoré's new French pop musical, shot in bright colors and drizzly, wintry conditions in locations around the Place de la Bastille.

Who, you might ask, will be liberated? The leading candidates are the cutest boy in contemporary French film, Louis Garrel, once again mimicking the antic manner of Jean-Pierre Léaud but in a leaner, darker, more sexually aggressive key, and the cutest girl, Ludivine Sagnier, here swinging down the street in her little white raincoat, her blond hair bobbing, like a shorter, squintier Catherine Deneuve in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. Honoré's main plot conceit, shamelessly crafted to raise an ooh-la-la, has these lovers joining in a threesome with pert brunette Clotilde Hesme—or maybe a foursome, counting the dewy high school lad (Grégoire Leprince-Ringuet) who just won't let Garrel say no.

The answers to all the film's questions emerge largely through songs: a whole cycle of them, composed by Alex Beaupain and performed in varying degrees of breathiness and intensity by the actors. The music is chromatically vampy; the lyrics, eloquent in a nasty and melancholic vein. As for the liberation: one character does get free, but with such devastating finality that the others spend the rest of the movie trying to recover.

I can respect someone who wants to make a grim Parisian sex-romp musical—but how much? Compared with the characters in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, with their poverty and forced marriage and service in a colonial war, the young folks in *Love Songs* don't have any substance. And compared with the characters in *Une femme est une femme*—the other obvious comparison—they have no style.

But now, a confession: I have watched this movie twice, and each time I've been thrilled at the end when two characters break into song and out of their apartment, stepping onto a window ledge as they risk their necks for love. Honoré's gamble isn't that high—the worst he's risked is ridicule—but on the whole, I'd say it has paid off. ■

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L.A.-BASED, *NATION*-LOVING, industry-savvy player sought by *The Nation* magazine and website. As *The Nation* offices are in NYC but the heart and soul of the industry is out West, we are looking for someone with Progressive Passion, gumption, integrity and insider contacts to represent us on a commission basis to marketers of filmed entertainment and music. The goal is to sell print and digital advertising. Interviews will be conducted in LA mid-April and late May. Please send an e-mail explaining why this is of interest to you and how you can help us. Reply movies@thenation.com.

MEMBERSHIP MANAGER. *The Nation* seeks a manager for its large and growing 30,000-member donor program. Responsibilities include day-to-day management, including maintenance of a large Raiser's Edge database; planning and implementation of monthly solicitation mailings, including all budgeting, expense tracking, follow-up and fulfillment; assisting with large direct-response campaigns, including direct mail, telemarketing and e-marketing; editorial and production of biannual donor newsletter; statistical analysis of campaigns and reporting; maintaining relationships with outside vendors; overseeing data entry staff; and customer service. This is a noneditorial business position that reports to the associate publisher for development. The position requires a bachelor's degree or equivalent experience and thorough familiarity with Raiser's Edge (or similar mainstream fundraising program), including experience with data manipulation, querying, reporting, and importing and exporting. Candidates should be motivated, independent problem solvers with two to three years of similar experience where increasing responsibilities can be demonstrated. Exceptional writing and communication skills, attention to detail and ability to meet deadlines are also essential. Enthusiasm for progressive politics and experience with online fundraising preferred. Minorities and people of color are particularly encouraged to apply. *The Nation* offers a competitive salary with excellent benefits in a collegial, collaborative, fast-paced environment. Please forward résumé and cover letter to Nation Associates Job, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or e-mail your résumé and cover letter to assocjob@thenation.com. No phone calls, please.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ONLINE ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVE. *The Nation*, America's leading progressive print and online journal, seeks an online advertising salesperson for (soon-to-be redesigned) website. Position will have responsibility for growing web revenue, with responsibility for all phases of the advertising sales cycle—from forecasting to customization of proposals and reports to clients and management, as well as development of collateral material. Requirements: minimum of two years of advertising sales experience, with proven success and contacts in online advertising space. Must have demonstrated ability to build and maintain relationships through strong interpersonal skills, as well as superior verbal and written communication. Excellent negotiation and presentation skills required. Some travel. Position works out of *The Nation*'s New York City offices. Congenial workplace offering competitive compensation package and excellent benefits. *The Nation* is an equal opportunity employer, and minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. Send résumé, cover letter and salary requirements to websales@thenation.com. No phone calls, please.

***THE NATION* SEEKS WEB PRODUCER.** *The Nation* magazine, the country's oldest and most widely read journal of opinion in print and online, seeks a web producer. Responsibilities include coding templates based on designs provided by outside design shops and creating new templates to mesh into thenation.com; executing e-commerce landing pages and HTML e-mail templates based on comps provided by outside design shops; and assisting the web advertising salesperson in creating microsites and uploading advertising products. The ideal candidate will understand web standards, demonstrate good design instincts and have at least two years of experience hand-coding HTML and CSS. Javascript very helpful. Experience with the following services useful but not required: Doubleclick DART, Lyris Listmanager, Democracy In Action, Google AdWords. This is a full-time position. Work must be done on site (New York City). Interest in progressive politics helpful. Minorities are strongly encouraged to apply. E-mail cover letter, résumé, salary requirements and URLs of professional work to webjob2@thenation.com No calls or recruiters, please.

ONLINE DIRECTOR. *The Nation* seeks an online director to manage all phases of thenation.com projects. Must handle multiple simultaneous projects on time and on budget, possess excellent communication and management skills, supervise small staff and outside vendors, possess deep experience managing software development on the web. Experience with Linux, Apache, MySQL and Perl important. full-time position in NYC offices. Equal opportunity employer. Send salary requirements and URLs of professional work to webjob1@thenation.com.

YOUTH ORGANIZER FOR YDS, the youth affiliate of Democratic Socialists of America. Responsible for outreach, conference planning and organizing for campus-based organization mostly made up of students. Identify as a socialist and be grounded in democratic socialist politics and history. Starting high $20s with regular increases and full benefits, including health insurance. Preferred start: June 2008. Applications due April 21. www.ydsusa.org for complete posting. Cover letter and résumé to: fllewellyn@dsausa.org.

UNION ORGANIZER/REPRESENTATIVE. Excellent opportunity to work for a progressive healthcare union representing North Country hospital workers. Previous healthcare organizing and union background preferred. Applicant must be able to read, write and interpret contract language, have excellent writing and communication skills and be computer literate. Duties include negotiating contracts, member mobilization, processing grievances, arbitrations. Participation in community, political and union events. Send résumé and references to: Local 1199 SEIU, 95 East Main Street, Gouverneur, NY 13642.

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST, twenty-two years, all issues including depression, anxiety, relationships and concerns of artists, academics and students. Sliding scale, insurance. Deborah Hellerstein, LCSW, (312) 409-9516.

NYC PSYCHOTHERAPIST: Twenty-five years of experience. Depression, anxiety, bipolar, concerns of artists, parents, gay/lesbian couples, relationships, job. Jo Bellomo, LCSW. (212) 255-7847.

EXPERIENCED PSYCHOANALYST also working with couples and families. Approach is psychodynamic but also eclectic. San Francisco and Marin. CA-PSY11249. Kristine Pfleiderer, DMH. (415) 563-8207.

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TRAVEL

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CHINA CONFERENCE/study tour on economic, political and cultural developments. May 22–June 5, 2008. Sponsored by the US journal *Nature, Society, and Thought* and Tsinghua University (Beijing). Go to www.umn.edu/home/marqu002/china2008, or call (612) 922-7993.

RUSTIC ONE–THREE BEDROOM CABINS with fireplaces, on Post Pond. Near Hanover, NH. Supports cohousing, www.lochlymelodge.com, (603) 795-2141.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $4.25/word, 15-word minimum; PO Box and telephone numbers count as two words.

Buy 4 runs, pay $3.95 per word
Buy 10 runs, pay $3.70 per word
Buy 24 runs, pay $3.15 per word
Buy 47 runs, pay $2.60 per word

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of $50/insertion. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4″ wide by 1/2″ deep. EPS logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 10 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for __ insertions at $_____ / word rate.

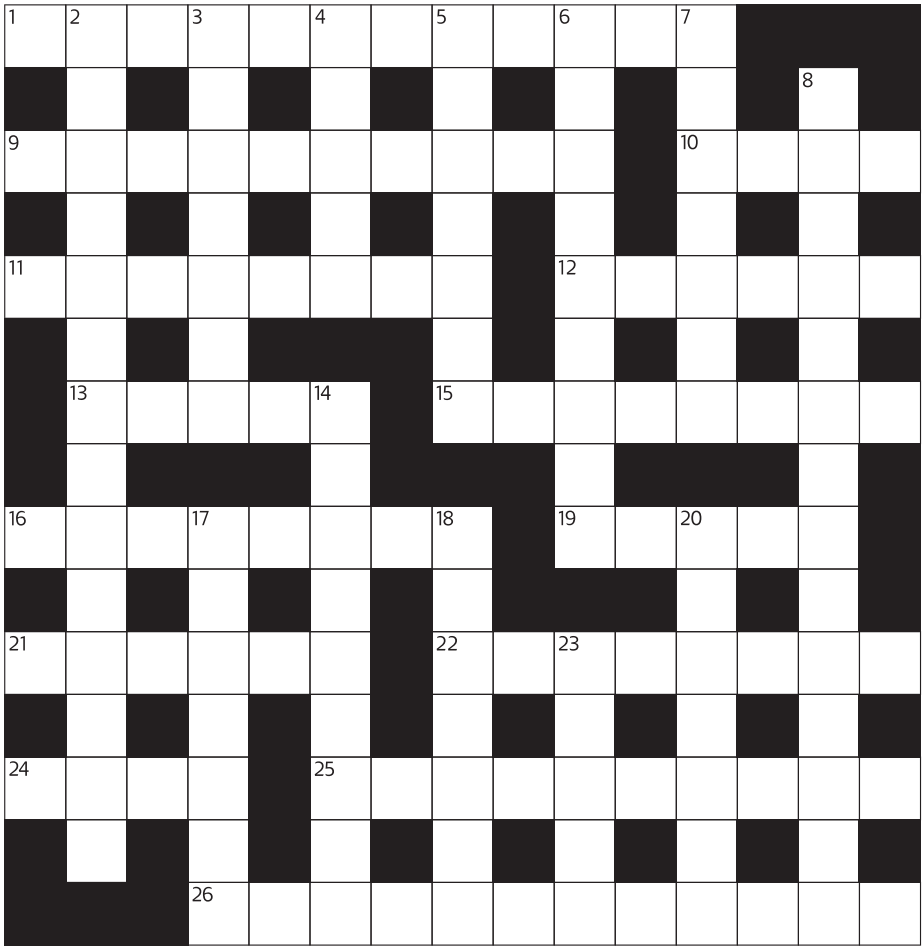
"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include $45 for Nation Box number/forwarding service.

For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad. You can fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mail leigh@thenation.com.

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.
The Nation, Classified Department,
33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

Puzzle No. 3125

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 As a poser, one would be rather busy—but the inventor might produce one. (7,5)

9 Checks printed on the diagonal—with rags and everything. (10)

10 There's obviously no purpose in being so conceited, like terrible Ivan! (4)

11 Dog—a madness on a broken lead! (8)

12 Give concrete form to something, because I am shortly to get my trunk and everything. (6)

13 Lots and lots of entertainers here. (5)

15 Describing a nail possibly worth a dime? (3-5)

16 Civil War general with skill, but one did a lot of boasting. (8)

19 To be precise, it seems to demand something. (5)

21 Take the blubber off—and run around two directions. (6)

22 Really hungry for the bird, poetically—nothing to you and me! (8)

24 Short measure, with what the miser might do to the penny not having a quiet beginning. (4)

25 Known as Doctor Death, one in the fields is determined to be so. (4,6)

26 Change one's attitude in a fancy way—after givers at everything point it out. (12)

DOWN

2 In a dogfight in the sky, where the pilot might prefer to be—physically or morally. (2,1,6,5)

3 Three of such couldn't find hand protectors, having work bundles around a number. (7)

4 Opera heroine who is not quite ordinary. (5)

5 Being the most cruel type, intended to proceed about a couple of major points. (7)

6 Old-fashioned "fooling around" has everything taking one in the ball. (9)

7 Apt to surround a winner's sign, implying suitability for habitation. (7)

8 What the organ grinder might have to do, with a reed, typically. (4,10)

14 One will pick up almost anything, hiding in caves, perhaps, and ending up no good to the Queen. (9)

17 The firearms aren't cold with such fire. (7)

18 You'll hit them at the end of your trip, with a name for something in one. (7)

20 Cancels a compound that might be in the garden, coming out every twelve months. (7)

23 The marginal part of overgenerosity. (5)

Our computer left Frank W. Lewis's name off the puzzle in the last three issues. It will be dismembered. Our apologies, or "a soupier logo," "porous goalie," "our agile—oops!"

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3124

		W	I	T	H	D	R	A	W	I	N	G		
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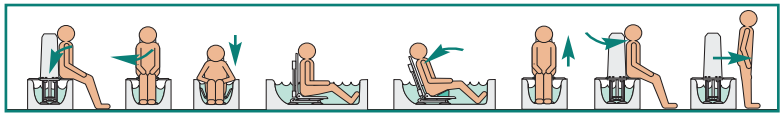
Introducing
The Neptune Reclining Bath Lift



- *Reclines for a comfortable, relaxing bath*
- *Charges overnight*
- *Battery operated*
- *Wide seat*
- *Extra-high backrest*
- *Folds for portability*
- *Chair raises up to 17" and lowers to 3"*
- *Transfer flaps for added stability*

Powerful NiCad Battery

Includes waterproof remote!

Innovative European technology allows anyone with mobility issues to take a bath safely.

It's a fact, Americans are living longer than ever. Medical technology has increased our life expectancy, but it hasn't necessarily improved our quality of life. For many people, living longer doesn't mean living better, as they lose their independence, dignity, and quality of life. Many have to move out of the home they love because they can no longer do simple things… like taking a bath… without someone's help. Now, an innovative company has used the latest technology to help millions of Americans stay safe, stay in their home, and enjoy a better quality of life. It's called the Neptune™ Reclining Bath Lift, and it's changing the way older Americans live.

Remember when taking a bath was something you looked forward to, not something you avoided?

Revolutionary Technology…A Simple Solution. The Neptune™ Reclining Bath Lift is designed to help millions enjoy one of life's simple pleasures… a warm, comfortable bath. Using a powerful, 12-volt NiCad battery, its powerful motor raises and lowers the seat so that anyone, regardless of mobility issues, can get in the tub easily, comfortably, and without the fear of slipping and falling. There's no danger of being shocked because the remote is waterproof, double sealed, and detaches from the chair so you can take it to another room for charging if you wish. The battery can be fully charged overnight and, once charged, provides enough power for 7 up/down cycles. There's an indicator light that lets you know the battery needs to be charged, and if there is not enough power for a full up/down cycle, the seat will not go down.

Sit Back…or Lie Back…and Relax. One of the special features of this remarkable product is that it allows you to bathe in a reclining position. Once you lower yourself into the tub, you simply push the button and the back reclines.

Call Today…and Try Neptune With Our Exclusive In-Home Trial. Are you tired of taking sponge baths at the sink, sitting in the shower, or… worse yet having a friend, relative, or caregiver help you take a bath? Why not try Neptune in your own home and see for yourself. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return it within 90 days for a full refund of the product purchase price less shipping and handling. Don't wait, call today, our product experts are standing by to answer any questions you have.

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Item # ZR-5247

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Which one of these contributes more to **Global Warming?**

It's not the one that starts a car.

According to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, animal agriculture emits more greenhouse gases than transportation does. Reducing the amount of meat, eggs, and dairy products in your diet is one of the most effective ways to reduce your contribution to climate change. Find out more about farm animal welfare, factory farming's environmental impacts, and what you can do to help.

Celebrating Animals | Confronting Cruelty

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